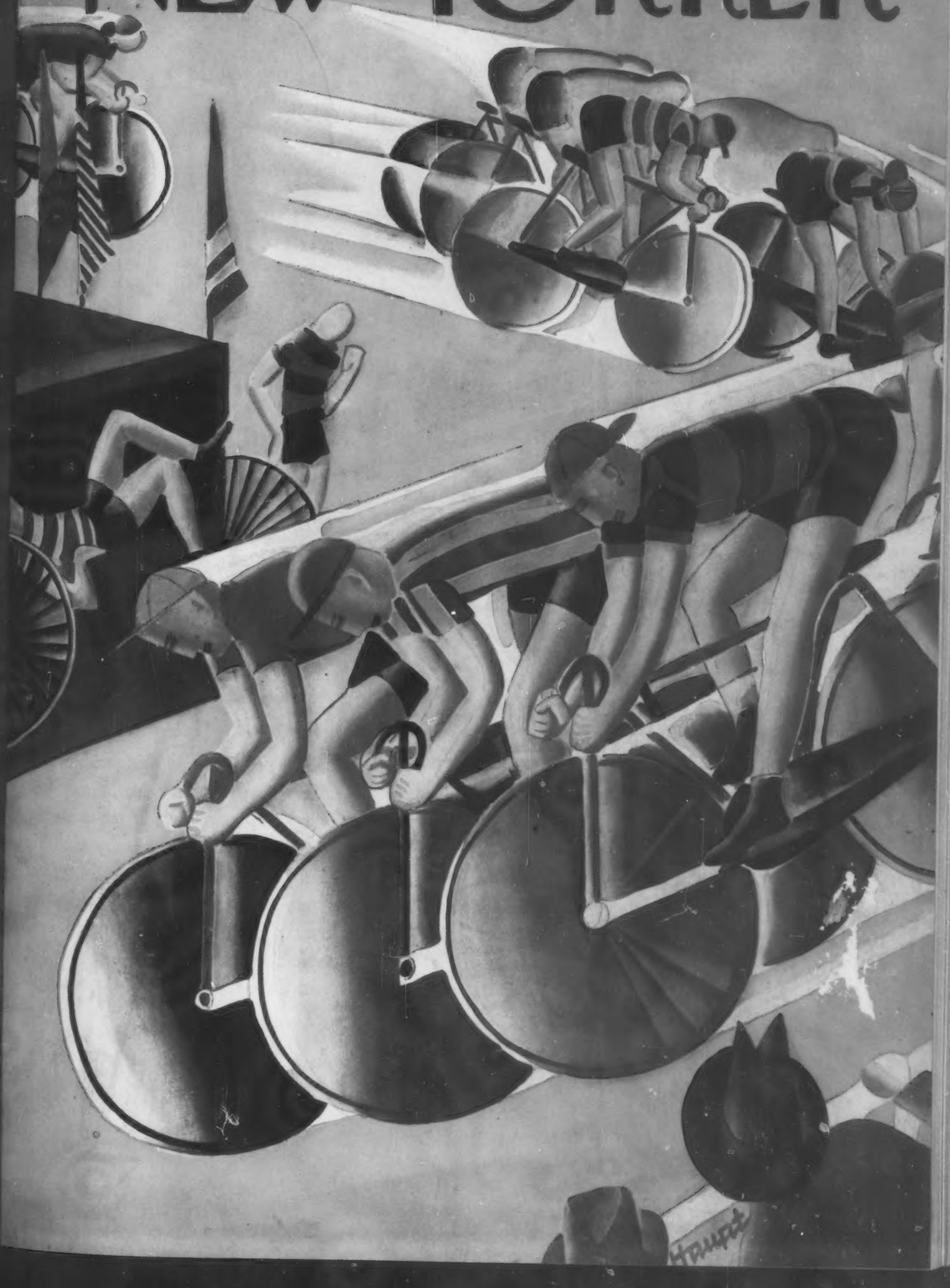
Mar. 9. 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



BEAUTY of varied tastefully used materials, new and old, is seen in this Crane bathroom. Not slavish matching, but subtle harmonizing of the wider range of wares and hues brought by plumbing progress, gives individuality. Dusky gold-veined marble, enclosing the *Tarnia* tub of India ivory enamel-ware, is set against the deeper black of the vitreous china *Corwith* lavatory and *Saneto* closet. Making vitreous china, solid porcelain, marble, and enamel fixtures in a variety of colors, Crane Co. does not stop with supplying better materials. Without cost, it offers, at nearby Exhibit Rooms, and in the illustrated book, *New Ideas for Bathrooms*, full information on equipment for rooms suitable to cottage or mansion. Ask a responsible plumbing contractor about the economy of Crane fixtures, valves, fittings.

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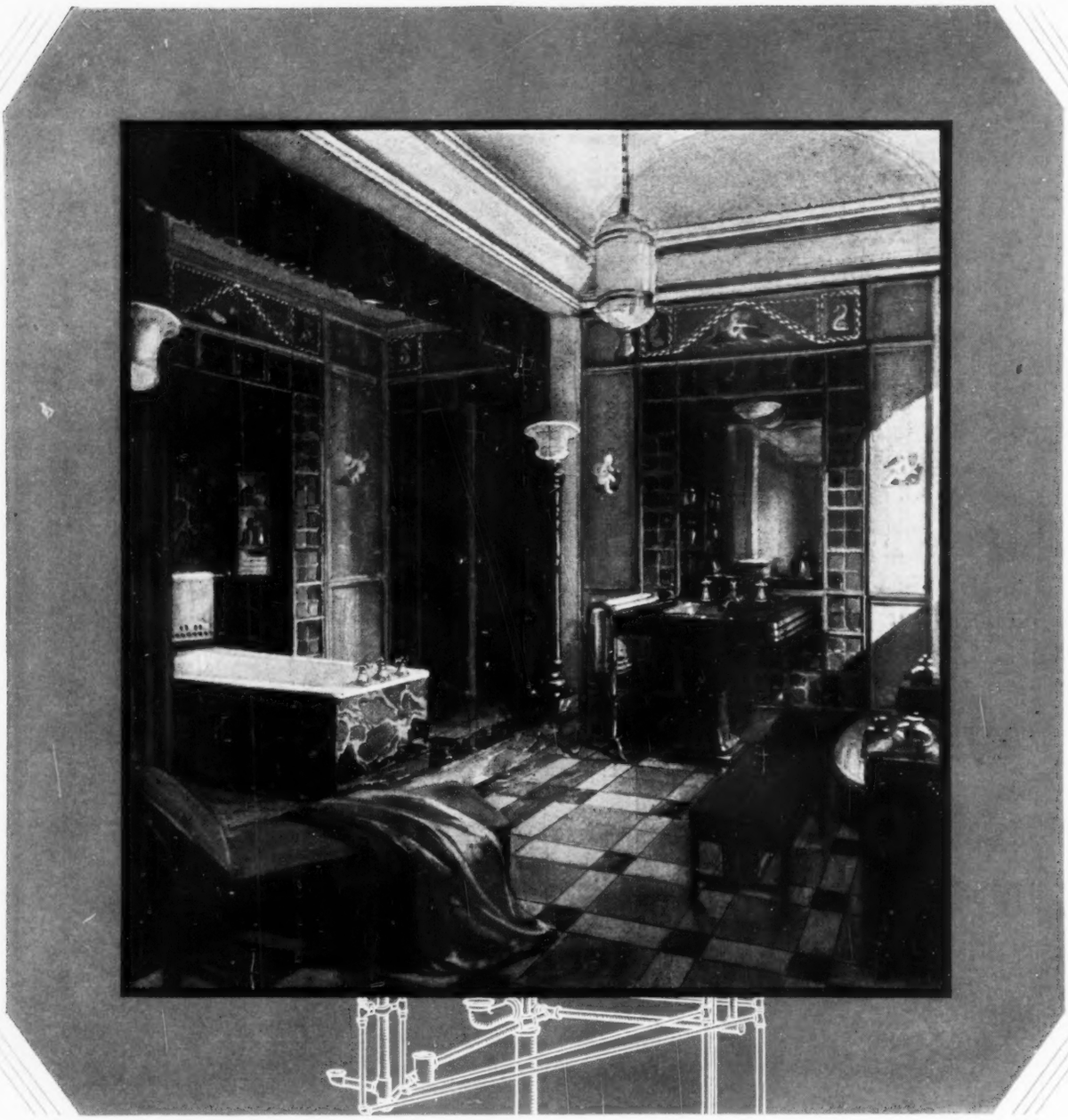

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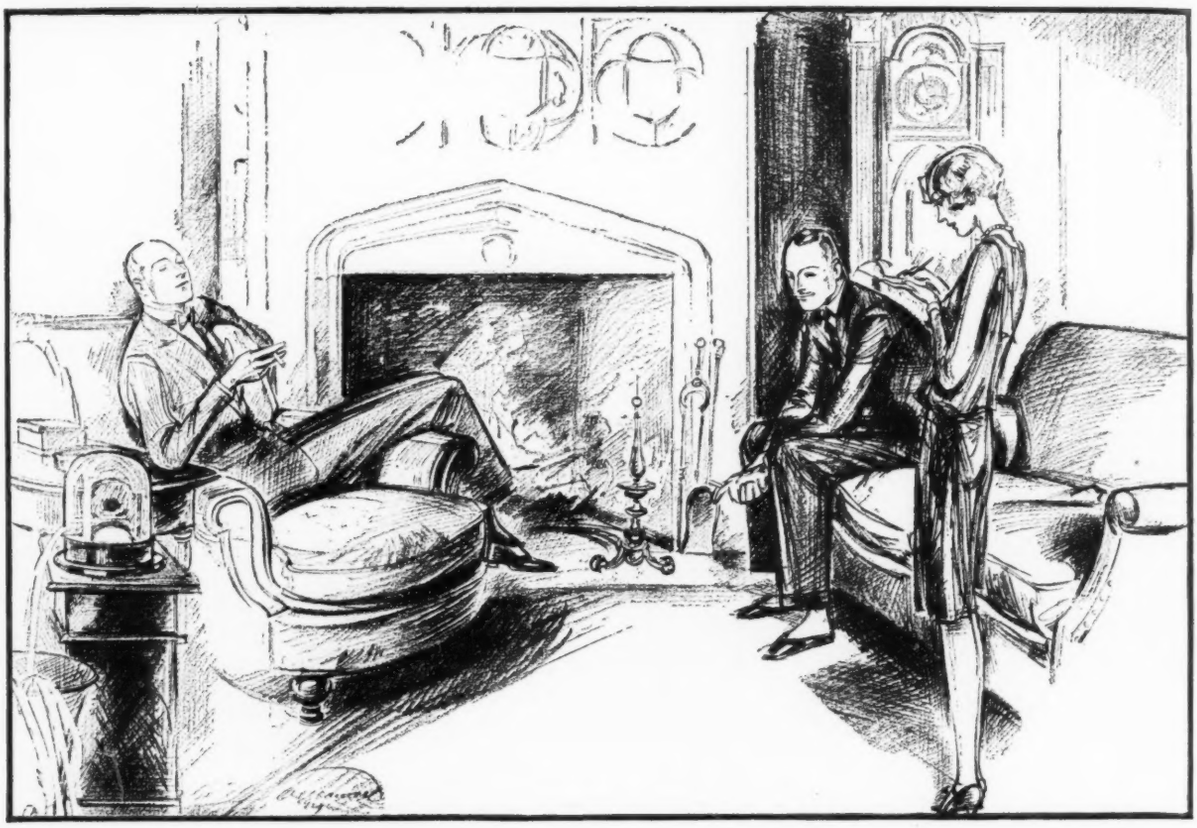

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 3, March 9, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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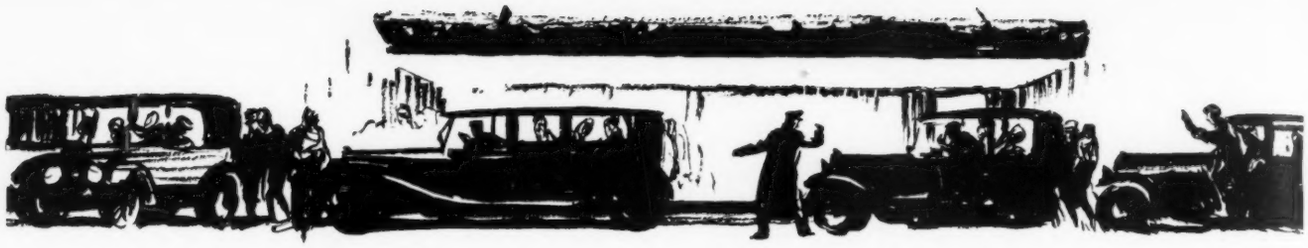

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 16]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—The atmosphere of Edith Wharton's novel of New York in the seventies transferred to the stage in a slow play full of renunciations, and worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—A comedy so perfectly acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that its unimportance becomes unimportant. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"Katerina," Nazimova in Andreyev's play. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 8; Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves., Mar. 13, 15, and 16.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Mar 9.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne, (Sat. Eve., Mar. 9.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," good production of Tchekov's play, with Nazimova. (Mon. Eve., Mar. 11; Wed. Mat., Mar. 13.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Tues. Eve., Mar. 12.) . . . "Three Sisters," another excellent Tchekov revival. (Thurs. Eve., Mar. 14.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Sat. Mat., Mar. 16.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again reviving his fine portrait of Rostand's hero. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The best of all newspaper plays. (Times Square, 42, W.)

GYPSY—The tragedy of a girl who despises her passions, but can't resist them. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HARLEM—A murder and a good glimpse of folkways in the Black Belt. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

KIBITZER—The amusing farce of a kibitzer at penny pinochle forced to play a big hand on the stock market. (Royale, 45, W.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—A mild and episodic play notable chiefly for Ethel Barrymore's performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 16.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—Extra-marital love in the suburbs. A thesis play, but a good one, and very well acted. (Booth, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—The feminine half of a badger game de luxe falls into her own trap. An urbane comedy, with Alice Brady. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Routine farce, with Irene Bordoni singing some priceless songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

POPPA—A tender Jewish comedy that turns into a very funny farce. (Hudson, 44, E.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Monday. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The adventures of a soft-hearted heroine in the wonderland of a sharply satirized society. With Ruth Gordon, Constance Collier, and A. E. Matthews. (Morosco, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Revival of O'Neill's four one-act plays of the sea. (Garrick, 35, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's remarkable nine-act prize-winner that one should see if only in self-defence. With Judith Anderson and a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—Good enough to satisfy that low taste for comedy mysteries. (49th Street, 49, W.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—How a young scientist masters the atom, and what the British Cabinet does about it. An absorbing play. (Alvin, 52, W. 2:40 P.M. Closes at this theatre on Sat., Mar. 9.)

ZEPPELIN—Highly improbable, but occasionally hair-raising melodrama that takes place in mid-air. (Forrest, 49, W.)

NOTE—A delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," portraying events leading to the great railroad rescue, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken. (You had better make reservations well in advance: Hoboken 8088.) Performances nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The wild and unrelenting madness of the Brothers Marx. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—If you've never heard the tap-tap of Bill Robinson's feet, don't miss this colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Fannie Brice and Leon Errol in a preposterous, gigantic, blowzy show which is good entertainment. (Earl Carroll, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A gay, spirited show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GOOD BOY—An average musical heavily indebted to its scenic effects. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

HELLO DADDY!—A plot that insults you, but a cast you can forgive. With Lew Fields. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant musical comedy made from Owen Davis' "Easy Come, Easy Go," the music being its weakest point. (Vanderbilt, 48, E.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Bad æsthetics but good entertainment. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Stanley Weyman's romantic novel made into swashbuckling operetta, with Walter Woolf. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Second year of one of those hits that should run until everyone has seen it twice. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and Jerome Kern's best score make it that way. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—London's smartest and wittiest revue assumes the same position in New York. With Beatrice Lillie. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers pinch-hitting for Fred Stone. He's at his best. We can't shout any louder than that. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb. Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

VAUDEVILLE—Van and Schenck, the Duncan Sisters, and Rudy Vallée's band, will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 8 and 9. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

NOTE: FOR CHILDREN—At the Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104: "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Mar. 9, at 2:30 P.M.; "Love Laughs at the Pirate," Sat., Mar. 16, at 2:30 P.M.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE BLACK CROOK—Mr. Morley's Hoboken Theatrical Company revives the famous leg show of the 'sixties. Opens Mon., Mar. 11. (Lyric, 39 Hudson St., Hoboken.)

SPRING IS HERE—A musical comedy by Owen Davis, Richard Rogers, and Lorenz Hart, with Glenn Hunter. Opens Mon., Mar. 11. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Dancing to Larry Siry's orchestra in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—

(Continued on page 6)

PARIS HATS TAKE NEW TURNS FOR SPRING

UPPER—Reboux's new felt ear hat turns up in the naive manner of a Dutch cap, but a Dutch cap in the Paris manner—and what a difference that makes!

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FIFTH AVENUE, 37TH AND 38TH STREETS
NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 16]

Continued from page 4

Always a favorite. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson; Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with Frank Fay, Barbara Stanwyck, and Aaronson's Commanders.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Eddie Davis' music and good food in a Don Dickerman setting. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Maurice Chevalier is the bright particular star of a Ziegfeld entertainment. Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

NEW VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's jazz.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations and Vincent Lopez' music. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, enlivened considerably by Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White and Tommy Lyman are amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, which has a good show.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal and noisy, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The best places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is one of the most amusing, particularly on Saturday nights. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is small and chic, with a tiny dance floor.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—William Haines as the safe-breaker and Lionel Barrymore as the hard-boiled detective make this worth while. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

AT THE SOUTH POLE—Stirring pictures of the Antarctic regions and of Captain Scott's expedition there. (Lyric, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—A talkie of theatrical life which is drawing the crowd. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight, and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—Ruth Chatterton's acting makes this movie of Barrie's play, "Half an Hour," somewhat better than the average. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 9-11; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Mar. 16.)

THE FLYING FLEET—With Ramon Novarro, and interesting for some excellent views of naval aviation. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Mar. 16; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

HEARTS IN DIXIE—The negro all-talking picture, with much pictorial charm, and with unusual success in the rendering of the spirituals and dialect of the South. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

HOMECOMING—A solid and skillfully photographed German picture for one of your serious moods. (Film Guild Cinema, 52 W. 8; opens Sat., Mar. 9; performances continuous from noon.)

THE IRON MASK—Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan again, in a characteristic picture which the star's not inextensive public will enjoy. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice making good use of the Vitaphone to render some of her best-known chefs d'œuvre. (Strand, B'way at 47; performances continuous from noon.)

THE RESCUE—Conrad's novel of the Malay Archipelago excellently done, with Ronald Colman. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 9-11; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the followers of Al Jolson, with successful Vitaphone. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M. Moves to Harris, 42, W. of B'way, Mon., Mar. 11.)

WOLF SONG—High romance in the Spanish southwest, with Gary Cooper. Somewhat over-colored but pictorially effective. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Krassin," pictures of the rescue of the Italia crew in the Arctic; "The River," a story of primitive love and passion, with Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell; "Sins of the Fathers," the rise and fall of a hotel waiter in this era of prohibition, with Emil Jannings; "Two Days," a gruesome but interesting picture of the Russian Revolution.

ART

BEGINNERS—Fifth show of the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CHANDLER—Unusual portraits by a favored American: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY—The Architect and the Industrial Arts—an exhibition of modern American design: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82, Gallery D6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

DEHN—Drawings and lithos by another returned native: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 16.

GROUP—Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Blume, and others, with new works: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

INDEPENDENTS—Annual show: Waldorf Roof, 5 Ave. at 34. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

KANTOR—A brilliant newcomer; and Baylinson, one of the pioneer American moderns: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 16.

MASTERS—Benefit showing of paintings of women and children by Memling, Cranach, Rembrandt, Hals, Manet, Matisse, etc.: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 16.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Annual exhibit of an unusual painter: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PENNELL—An exhibition of his etchings: Harlow, McDonald, 667 5 Ave., above 52. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 16.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

MAX ROSEN—One of the most gifted of fiddlers. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Mar. 10.

GEORGE COPELAND—A singularly fascinating pianist. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 12.

HAROLD SAMUEL—The celebrated Bach master again. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 12.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

CURTIS INSTITUTE ORCHESTRA—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 9, at 2:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 9 and 16, at 8. (No admission fee.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 9.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 10; Thurs. Eve., Mar. 14, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 16, at 11 (Children's Concert).

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Ross conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 13.

BACH CANTATA CLUB—St. Thomas' Church, Wed. Eve., Mar. 13.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Faust," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Mar. 8, at 2; "The Tales of Hoffmann," Fri. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8; "Jonny Spielt Auf," Sat. Aft., Mar. 9, at 2; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Mar. 9, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra, George Barrere, flautist, soloist: Sat., Mar. 9, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Mar. 10, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

OPERA—"The Chimes of Normandy," Sun., Mar. 10, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "The Marriage of Figaro," Mon., Mar. 11, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

ALBERT SPALDING—Violinist: Mon., Mar. 11, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Mar. 12, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.): Jimmy Slattery vs. James J. Braddock, Mon. Eve., Mar. 11. . . . Bud Taylor vs. Al Singer, Fri. Eve., Mar. 15.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Mar. 10. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Ottawa, Tues. Eve., Mar. 12. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 14.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Penn. Military College vs. Squadron A (Class A), Sat. Eve., Mar. 9. . . . Elimination matches for the New York Circuit championship start Sat., Mar. 16.

INDOOR TENNIS—Men's National Indoor Championships: Seventh Regiment Armory, Park at 66, Sat., Mar. 9 through Sat., Mar. 16.

INDOOR TRACK—Seventh Regiment A. A. Meet, Seventh Regiment Armory, Park at 66, Sat., Mar. 9, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Knights of Columbus Meet, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Mar. 16, at 8 P.M.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 8 and 9.

SQUASH TENNIS—Play for the National Championship will continue through Sat., Mar. 16, on the courts of the Columbia University Club.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—The first breath of spring. Opens Mon., Mar. 11, at 2 P.M., and continues daily from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 16: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. . . . The Landscape Architects' show also opens on Mon., Mar. 11: Arden Gallery, 460 Park at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

DUSE FELLOWSHIP BENEFIT—"Love Scenes From Four Centuries," a pageant organized by Ruth Draper, with Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Beatrice Lillie, Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and other distinguished actors and actresses participating: Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 47, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 10, at 8:30.

COLUMBIA VARSITY SHOW—"Oh Hector!," a two-act musical comedy dealing with college life in ancient Troy: Grand ballroom of the Waldorf, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 8 and 9, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Mar. 9, at 2:15.

DANCE RECITAL—Helba Huara, in grotesque dances and moods: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 10, at 8:30.

MARIONETTES—Remo Bufano's puppets in Schnitzler's "Gallant Cassian," and other plays: Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St., Mon. Eve., Mar. 11, at 8:45.

AUCTIONS—Spanish and Near Eastern antiques: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 8 and 9, at 2. . . . English porcelains: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Sat., Mar. 9. . . . Stage costumes, art objects, and jewelry, from the estate of Nora Bayes: Marx Galleries, 24 W. 58, Mon. and Tues., Mar. 11 and 12.

NOTE—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Fri., Mar. 15.

MARVIS—a graceful sandal pump with decorative instep strap and buckle. Beige or brown kid with silk kid trimming. 22.50

NADA—short vamp ankle tie with pert bows. Kidskin in grotto blue, suntan, or marron brown. Patent leather also. And pastel crêpe de chine. 18.50

FERNAY—A Paris type trotteur pump with short vamp. Patent leather or tan russia calf with perforated trimming. 15.00

Important Easter Footwear Fashions

have the Best cachet of quality, distinction and chic.

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 35TH ST., N. Y.
PARIS PALM BEACH LONDON

DIANA—A dainty sandal with buckle on instep. Beige or brown kid, or patent leather with two tone silk trimming. 22.50

CARMEN—A novel strap pump. Patent leather vamp with gun metal kid quarter, brown kid with beige, or suntan kid with beige. 18.50

★ THE ★

GOLDEN FLEECE

A PAGEANT OF THE WOOL INDUSTRY

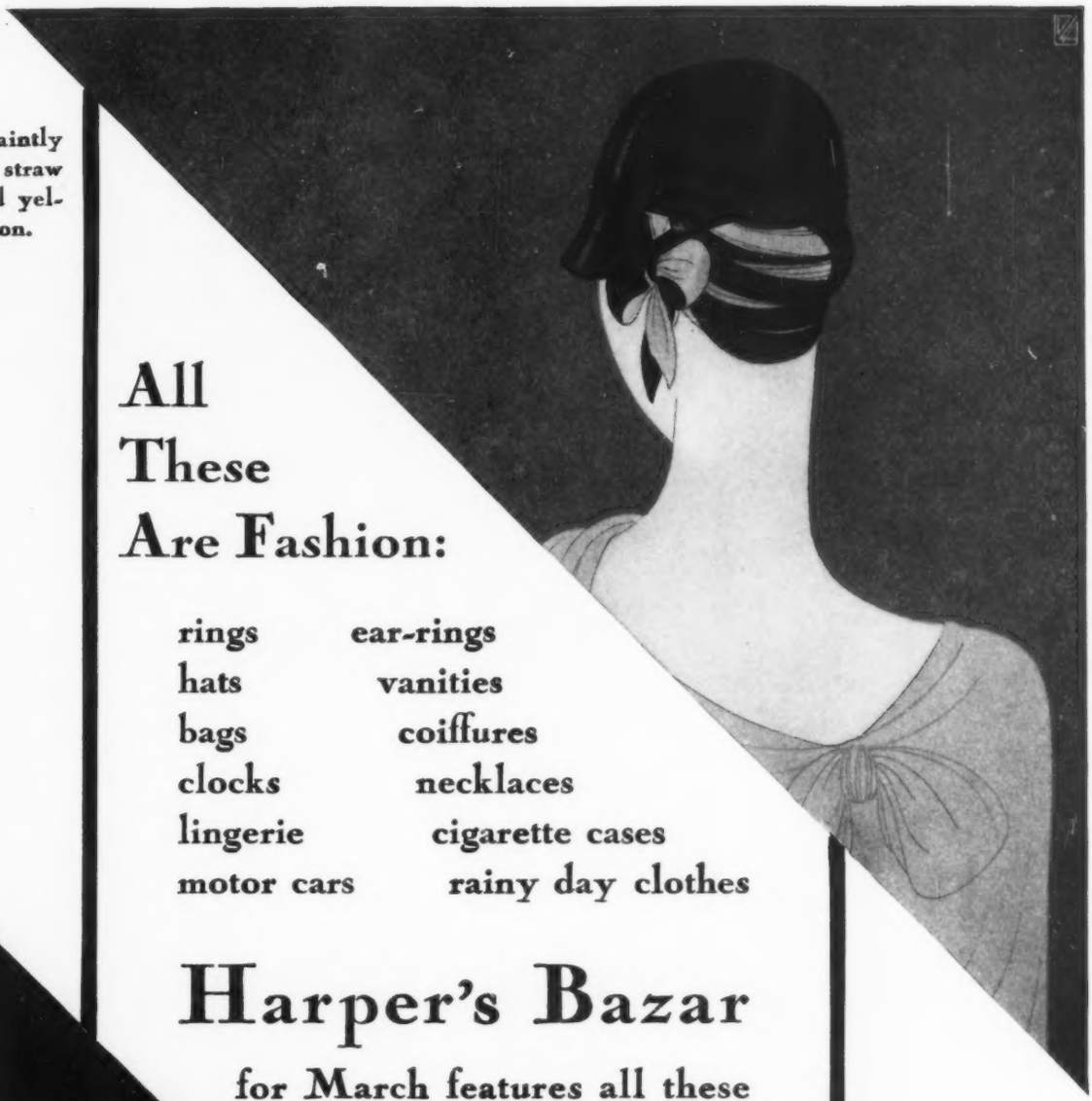
TO BE PRESENTED AT THE HOTEL ROOSEVELT

★ MARCH 18-23 1929 ★

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE WOOL INSTITUTE INC.

2 PARK AVENUE · NEW YORK



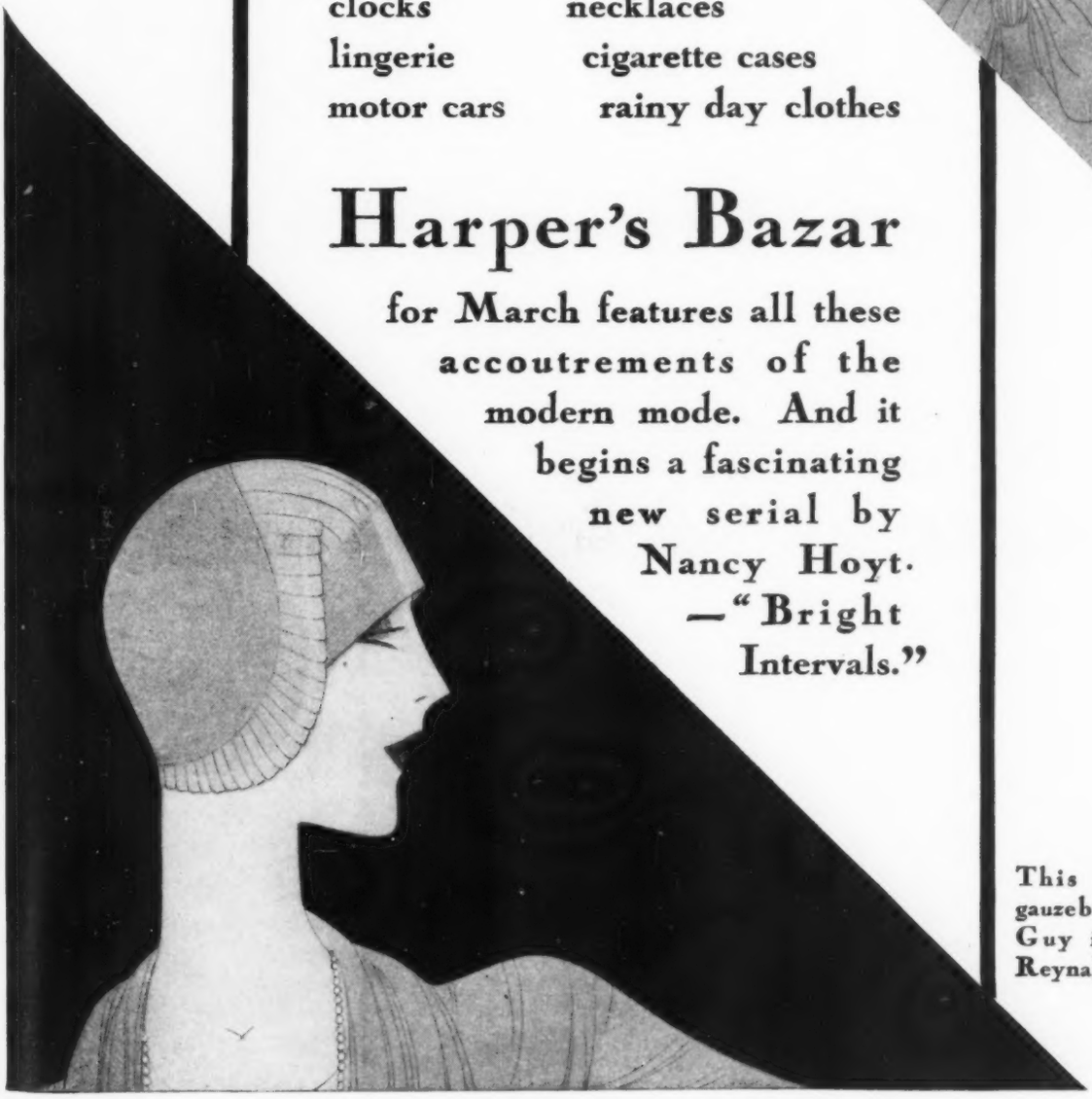
Maria Guy quaintly combines navy straw with navy and yellow satin ribbon.

All These Are Fashion:

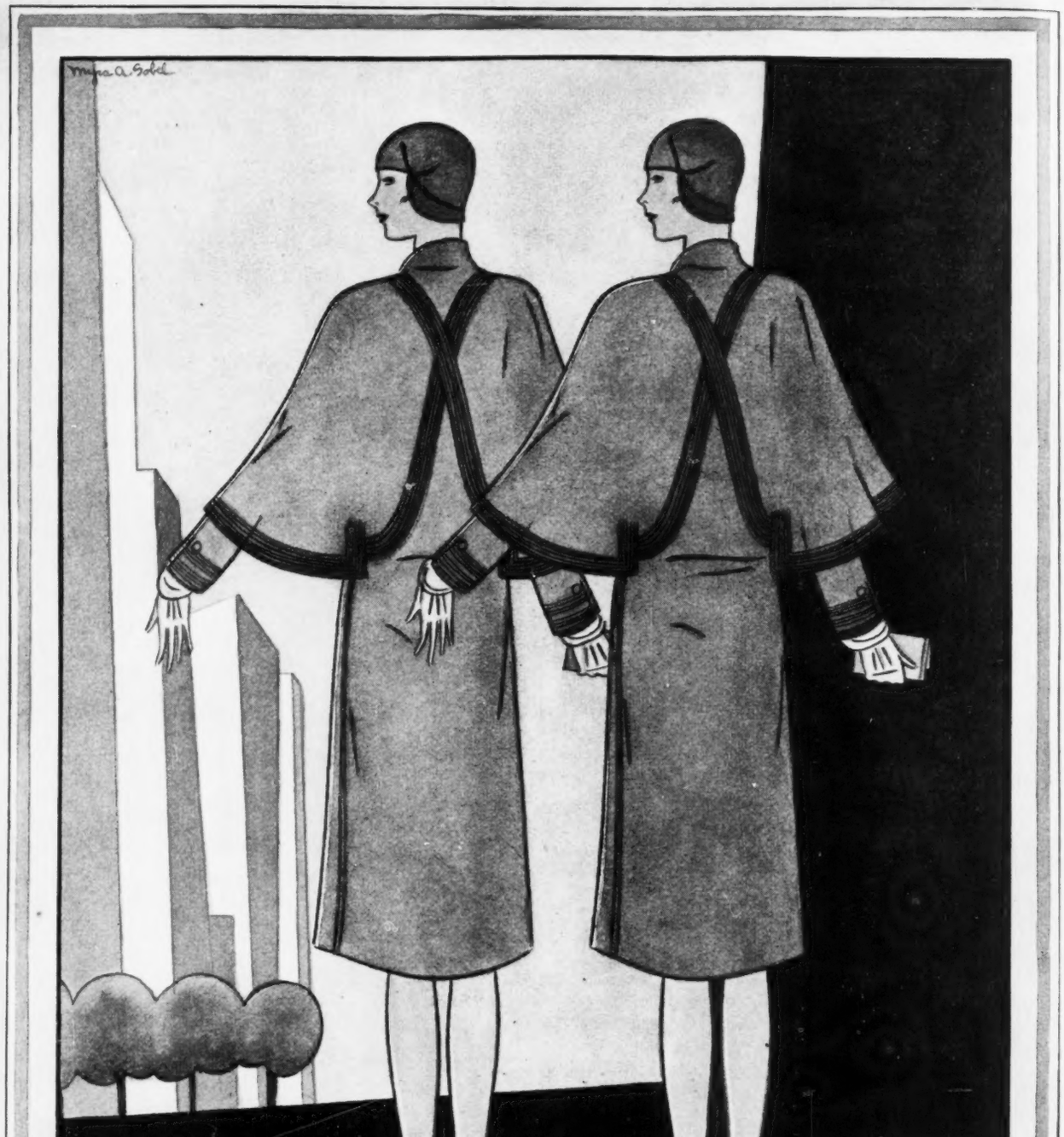
rings — ear-rings
hats — vanities
bags — coiffures
clocks — necklaces
lingerie — cigarette cases
motor cars — rainy day clothes

Harper's Bazar

for March features all these accoutrements of the modern mode. And it begins a fascinating new serial by Nancy Hoyt. —"Bright Intervals."



This straw-and-gauze beret by Maria Guy is drawn by Reynaldo Luza.



junior coats for spring!

the logical expression of spring is
the tailored mode . . . youthful
but . . . oh, so smart are these
coats for the sub debutante.

*. . . illustrated . . . a street coat of tweed
or kasha in all the smart spring shades.*

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

JUNIOR MISSES' DEPARTMENT—THIRD FLOOR

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MAR -8 1929

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS may not be significant, but we'll bet it is: America's three most prominent young men—Tunney, Lindbergh, John Coolidge—have all three chosen the same type of

girl for their helpmeet, educated, Christian, beautiful, proper, well-to-do, American. You could put Polly Lauder, Anne Morrow, and Florence Trumbull in a room and you would almost have a quorum for any college society on any campus. Each is somebody's daughter—Polly, the daughter of finance in Greenwich, Connecticut; Anne, the daughter of diplomacy in Mexico City; Florence, the daughter of statecraft in New England. Sweet maids and good they are, and we are proud of them—but haven't our national heroes any national weaknesses? We would see more hope for the country if at least one of the three young men had fallen in love with some quite impossible goddess—not somebody's daughter, but somebody's mother, or somebody's stenographer, or somebody's second wife, or a Jew; we would see more hope if one of the girls were an actress, or a prisoner, or a barmaid; we would feel more comfortable if one hero had become hopelessly and romantically involved with a Lily Langtry, an Isadora Duncan, a partner in a vaudeville roller-skating team, a Mohammedan, a cigarette girl—almost any sort of lady you could name provided her charms were unorthodox, her eligibility doubtful, her pedigree missing, her house difficult of access, and her person mysterious and bewildering. Polly? Florence? Anne? Our heroes are sitting pretty—pretty and safe; but wouldn't the nation be safer if, among those names, there was one Magda, or one Goldie, or one Mrs. X.?

THERE'S some talk down in Mr. Whalen's office of using traffic lights to flash warnings to policemen when a crime has been committed, the idea being that when a policeman sees the lights acting queerly he is to look around for the nearest criminal. Much could be done with the idea. With a dot-and-dash code, headquarters could relay a good joke to its men to keep them in good humor, could inform them of approaching rain so they'd get

out their rubbers, and could summon them home to supper at night. Mr. Whalen has bright ideas. We trust he will see to it that the lights are jiggled for a three-minute period every day at high noon, in memory of Arnold Rothstein.

THE night the Duveen suit went to the jury, people in evening dress wandered into the courtroom and sauntered about, in a social way—which was a further indication of how at a loss our citizens are for a place to go after the theatre. Six-day bike races and marathon-dance contests attract midnight crowds; so would almost any good novelty. Midnight movies are a success. Someone, if our theory is any good, could do a fine business by installing a regular midnight show at the Garden, a show which would be a bit more ingenious than marathon contests—a two-ring circus, perhaps, in which the members of the audience,

properly cushioned, would be allowed to take part in some of the acts—or invent acts and put them on.

THAT idea of inventing acts, of getting into a tanbark ring and showing off—there's a deep need for something like that. A place like Roxy's or the Paramount merely supplies the need of the populace, tired after the day, for diversion, for a touch of splendor, for an excursion into the unreal. It is the kind of relaxation that goes down easily, like a sugar pill; the seat is comfortable, the way is smooth, the mind rests on its oars. Mind and body sleep at Roxy's. Thousands of people, wanting to be lulled at dusk. Fine as it is, it's getting away from the ideal civilization (*our* ideal civilization, anyway) in which recreation is not relaxation at all, but is dancing on the village green—where the people supply their own amusements, puppets, masks, comedies,

charades, turns. It's too bad. No village green. No strength when five o'clock comes. What about midnight,

though? The strength begins to come back a little, then.

Custom-Cut

IT is officially spring when Jeann Friedman, tailor to Mayor Walker, phones us and says: "Come over!" Our annual summons came last Thursday and we don't care how many robins you haven't seen.

The Mayor has a new dress topcoat—a one-button classic with satin lapels, a satin collar, and satin cuffs. It won first prize at the annual show of the Custom Cutters' Club, as you perhaps know, and Mr. Friedman was specially anxious that we should see it, to get our reaction. When we arrived at his office the garment, a blue ribbon in its lapel, was occupying the position of honor in the main reception hall; the only other display was a colored man who was cleaning the canary's cage. The coat is to be worn over dress clothes, so we were told, anything else being ridiculous.

"When you see a feller put on dressy clothes and then a reggala overcoat like a gray or maybe a brown, ain't it comical?" asked Mr. Friedman.

After we had stood, uncovered, quietly admiring the Mayor's new cloak—which His Honor hasn't worn yet—Mr. Friedman suggested that we try it on. We did, without a moment's hesitation, and *say*. . .

Whee-e!

YOU'LL be quite surprised to see what happens to your automobile when you leave it at the automatic parking garage over in East Forty-fourth Street, which we investigated in a social way not long ago. (They gave a lunch.) You drive in and approach an elevator on the main floor; then you get out and lock your car, if you desire. Suddenly a small wriggling wormlike thing appears from the elevator, darts under your car, boosts the rear end up slightly, and darts back onto the elevator, dragging the surprised automobile with it. The doors of the elevator close, and in about a second your car is in the clouds somewhere, twenty-five stories up. There (as we discovered by riding along) the elevator-man pushes a button and the little animal under the car comes to life again and scurries out, depositing the car in its allotted space on the floor. When the car is wanted again, the elevator-man simply says: "Go get 'im, Rover!" and the trained animal fetches.

The elevator-man wears a beret—a nice touch, we felt. The rapid stowage is made possible because the garage is so designed that all cars are put into position in straight lines—the electric animal runs between guide-rails which also serve to hold the wheels of the car straight. Everything is done by the elevator-man—who gets his orders by telephone from downstairs while he's cruising quietly up and down.

You wouldn't think it works, but it does.

Man of All Work

MR. GEORGE COHAN has periods of great activity when he works prodigiously—and, by nature, he doesn't sleep much anyhow. He has a Japanese manservant, who is expected to keep up with him. No complaint has ever been heard from the brave little Nipponese. The nearest to one came the other morning when a friend of his employer saw him at breakfast, nodding sleepily over his ham and eggs. "What's the matter, Sam—tired?" he asked sympathetically. "No sleep," said the faithful fellow. "No sleep since August."

Chez Quinlan

IF you visit the Criminal Courts Building and see children romping in the corridors, they are undoubtedly the offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quinlan, and they are there because, oddly, they live there. Mr. Quinlan is superintendent of General Sessions and since he has to be on the job at all hours, the honorable judges finally decided to fit up an apartment for his family on the third floor, and there the Quinlans live with their three children and cat. Mrs. Quinlan likes it. If the radio bores her she has only to walk down the hall and drop in on any of many interesting trials. Also lawyers and judges drop in on her for tea. Stella, the oldest child, has a way with austere dignitaries. They all came to her tenth birthday party some time ago, bearing presents. Judge Nott gave her a copy of Jules Verne. Stella, they say, has the distinction of being the only child ever censured from the bench for roller-skating in a courtroom. She was sentenced, by a judge in a gown, to do her skating outside, on the sidewalk.

Dodsworth

SINCLAIR LEWIS' latest novel is to be published in a few days and will be called "Dodsworth," a title arrived at after months of brooding during which the manuscript was variously known to its author as "Twilight," "Man Alone," "Exile," "Sunset," and "The Charming Mrs. Dodsworth." The theme was clear in Mr. Lewis' mind before he finished "Elmer Gantry," and we hear that it is his favorite work and that he considers it his best. The book is an examination of Americans abroad and a study of American marriage. The principal characters are a successful middle-aged businessman of Zenith and his young and yearning wife. The plot is concerned with what happens to their marriage when he retires from business and takes her abroad for an indefinite stay. The Dodsworth of the book is more an Arrowsmith than a Babbitt or a Gantry. He is an educated man (Yale), wealthy, and baffled, and the author views his struggles more with sympathy than with satire.

Mr. Lewis began the book in Berlin and wrote on it in Germany, France, Italy, the Aegean Islands, and England. The manuscript was handed to Harcourt, Brace last August, after which Mr. Lewis put in a month revising it at Riverside, Connecticut, and two months more at Woodstock, Vermont. That is where he has been since his return to this country. Now he has gone to Florida on a fishing trip and will be there for some time.

Diagnosis

AT a dinner the other evening someone remarked that he had read in

the newspapers of a race horse named Thundering Mabel, and this reminded a gentleman from Washington that Mrs. Willebrandt, the government attorney, has a favorite story which she tells. During the presidential campaign she was travelling by airplane over the Rockies when the engine stopped. Beneath and all about were bare rocks and jagged peaks. The plane fluttered dangerously close to them, but just as a crash seemed certain the motor started again and the pilot gained control of his machine and got out of danger by climbing steeply. As Mrs. Willebrandt was struggling to regain her composure, a fellow passenger, who up to that time had not spoken, turned to her and said cheerfully, "Engine trouble, I presume."

Friendly Overture

ONE of the professors at Yale learned last Tuesday that the father of one of his pupils is a famous Chicago gangster. He learned it when the parent dropped into New Haven to visit his son. The youngster brought the father around and introduced him to the instructor and the three chatted pleasantly for a while, the Chicagoan expressing appreciation for the help and attention given his boy. Upon leaving he drew the professor to one side. "Listen," he asked, in a tone implying that he wanted but one word to turn machine-guns loose, "they treatin' you all right here?"

Muscles On High

OUR prayer, as of our November 26, 1927 issue, for two tall buildings —one downtown, one midtown— to be devoted entirely to athletics, has been answered, we jubilantly note. As we recall it, we modestly asked for two twenty-story buildings, but with charming generosity and breath-taking alacrity the capitalists have improved on our dream: they're building a club downtown on the Battery which will be thirty-five stories high, we understand; and they're building one midtown which will be even taller and grander, such is the power of *our* pen. Both edifices will teem with squash courts, bowling alleys, swimming pools, and other devices for taking the stomachs off corporation lawyers.

There is no connection between the two clubs, although the same man was employed to organize both—organizing clubs being a business in itself. Ground will be broken immediately for the Downtown Athletic Club (call it the Dotac if you want to appear in the know). The plot is behind the Whitehall Building, in West Street, overlooking the river and bay. For its membership it has drawn almost entirely from the Wall Street community —bankers, lawyers, brokers, and their ilk. The top floors are to be bedrooms (four dollars a day to members and guests), and the fact that lower Manhattan is again to have sleeping accommodations—lost since the decline of the old Astor House, the Eastern, the United States Hotel, the

"Charmed."

"I'm sorry, sir, Mrs. McIntyre has gone to the office, and Mr. McIntyre isn't up yet."

• •

Revere House, and those other hostelries—is said to have excited the fancy of real-estate men, who have been a little skeptical about whether anyone wants to go to sleep below Washington Square. Joseph P. Day, for one, has gone so far as to predict that one or more large hotels will be built downtown, if the athletic club's living quarters prove popular.

The Mid-York Club, an organization which the public hasn't been formally informed about yet, is still in process of getting members, and won't be under way for a year. It will be built somewhere in the neighborhood of the Grand Central, and its membership will smack less of the stock market than of the silk mill, the advertising agency, the legitimate stage, the automatic-screw machine, and the South Pole. There are already about five hundred members, and the building, as we've said, will be tall and wondrous and full of shower-baths. Nobody can say we don't make dandy suggestions.

That's Out

ALTHOUGH the American musical show, "Good News," has been running quite a while in London, for some reason we have just heard of a change made in the text over there. The management realized that the line, "Bologny — no matter how thin you slice it, it's still bologny," might not be clear to a British audience. After due deliberation they met the situation by changing it to "Sausage—no matter how thin you slice it, it's still sausage." We don't know where that got them, though.

WE are almost as belated in telling of another pleasure-seeker who failed to reach the Beaux Arts Ball. (His is in addition to the cases we reported a few weeks ago and is more extreme.) The man in question, bewigged and bepowdered, had expected to go to the ball and then get home early. He stopped in somewhere on the way, however, and, by a coincidence or something, when he awoke the next day he was crossing Alabama in an airplane. Over his Napoleonic costume he wore an unfamiliar raccoon coat, and his luggage consisted, all told, of eleven bottles of whiskey.

Flower Mart

PRACTICALLY all the flowers sold in the city, whether by big vendors or little, come from the flower mart which brightens Sixth Avenue in that otherwise dreary stretch in the upper Twenties. The wholesalers there have two rush hours. The first comes at dawn when the big flower men drive up in their cars to do their buying. Few of them, no matter how élite, are too elegant to get up at daybreak and do their own shopping. After they are through with the purchases for the day, the street-corner vendors appear and dictate their own prices for the blooms that are left, which if not sold would be a loss. They pay about three cents for roses which they sell for five.

Thirty-five years ago the flower district used to be on the East River. Later it moved to Sixth Avenue, and now it is slowly marching up that thoroughfare. The furriers are moving north, and every time a fur shop is vacated a wholesale-flower man moves in. The cross-streets about are also colorful. Most of the dealers handle all sorts of blooms, but a few specialize. Thomas Young, for example, is the big gardenia and orchid man, raising these flowers in greenhouses at Bound Brook, New Jersey, a notable flower-raising town. There are numerous other greenhouse districts in Jersey, Connecticut, and Long Island. Many blooms come from afar: mimosa from California, daffodils from Canada, narcissuses from South Carolina and Virginia.

FLOWER-DEALERS, wholesale or retail, boast of their tradition of luck. Gambling is bravely done. One retailer had a hunch one morning and bought a thousand orchids. He sold them all when a large order came in from a wedding party. Risk and waste are, however, greatly reduced by timing. Growers, watching the calendar, control the bulbs and cut back the rose bushes so that they will bloom just in time for the special days when flowers are in demand. One of these has been almost forgotten. Formerly white roses were worn extensively on McKinley's birthday. Now it is done only in certain loyal parts of Ohio. Mother's Day is still a big occasion. We are told that this was the inspiration of two ladies of Philadelphia who were, incidentally, childless. The idea caught on and spread through the country. A few years ago the founders made an effort to have the observance suppressed on the ground that the florists were commercializing sentiment, but to no avail.

Toil and Trouble

WORD from Washington is that the first among the burdens of his office to irk Mr. Hoover was the dictum of his physicians that he must get up fifteen minutes earlier than is his custom and take setting-up exercises. He never had taken calisthenics; they bore him. His advisers, however, were firm, arguing that he is the people's servant now and must keep in condition. He consented, remarking that he hoped the recoil from the prospect wouldn't keep him up later than usual and imperil his health.

Logic

THE Soviet government's recent exposition at Grand Central Palace was interrupted momentarily one night by a demonstration of Czarist sympathizers, who made so much trouble for the "Reds" that the police were called in. After they had evicted the troublemakers, a sergeant brushed off his sleeves and beamed at one of the Soviet directors. "Well," said he, "it didn't take us long to show them damn Bolshevists where to get off at, did it?"

On and On

LAST year's dance marathon, held in Madison Square Garden and stopped by the Health Commissioner after a fortnight or so, was just nothing, it turns out. A group of dancers, including some of the talent seen here, has been barnstorming in the Middle West since that time and now, we learn from a Westerner in town, a real, first-class dance marathon lasts from six weeks to two months. The most recent one ended in Columbus, Ohio, last week after eleven hundred and sixty-three hours, about seven weeks. A previous one at Dayton, Ohio, continued for fifteen hundred hours, or about two months. One held before that in East St. Louis lasted nearly three months, but the record wasn't regarded as official as the rules permitted twenty-minute rest periods and from one to three hours' sleep on certain days; in bona-fide marathons the dancers are allowed only fifteen minutes out every hour and no other rest. In Columbus, as the days rolled on, the rules were made more and more strict. Contestants could stand still for only fourteen seconds, they had to touch each other, and so on. It turned out that this was done to hurry the thing up so the bunch could open the next marathon on time, in Flint, Michigan. The dancers thus got eight or nine days to get in condition. Almost all the present contestants are professionals, going in a group from one dance to another. The stronger men and braver girls make quite a nice thing out of it. They get their salaries and prizes in addition. It's a way to make a living.

Mr. Corbett's Left

MR. JAMES J. CORBETT, the former prizefighter, drove his automobile from one curb of Forty-fourth Street to the other recently, without putting out his arm to warn those driving in back of him. One of these was a taxi-driver, who was thus provided with a splendid opportunity for a little vilification. He stopped, got out, went over to Mr. Corbett's machine, and jutted his chin at the former champion. At this point he recognized who it was and his anger moderated. Still, he apparently thought that the offender should be chided. So he shook his head pityingly and said, "The old left hand ain't what it was, is it?" and strode back to his car.

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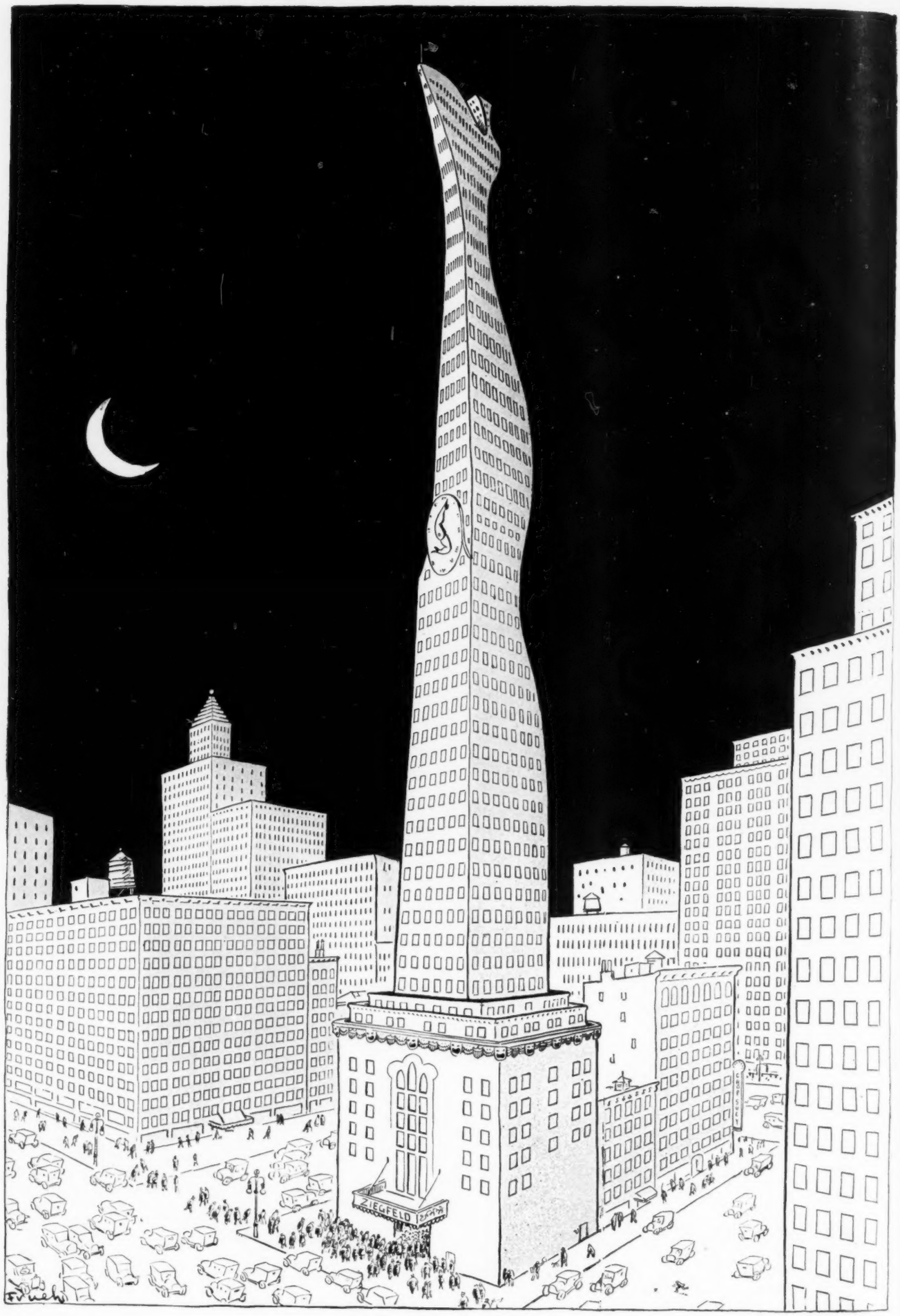
THE LIQUOR MARKET: Prices bulled on rumor of stricter enforcement under Hoover. Imported gins, $85 @ $100, Burke's and Gilbey's featured. Booth's House of Lords sold as high as $120, then off to around $110. Domestic gins up, $45 @ $60. Liqueurs steady, $110 @ $120, with heavy demand sending Benedictine as high as $125 @ $150. Domestic whiskeys up, $85 @ $100, market leaders being Peter Dawson, Old Mull, and Teacher's Highland Cream. —THE NEW YORKERS

"Oh yes, now I place you."



SUGGESTED DESIGN

Chicagoans to Build Theatre for Ziegfeld—Signs Contract for 44-Story Building—To Establish Mid-West Centre for Glorification of the American Girl—NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

THE DIAMOND BRACELET

Our Own Smârt Stôry about Smârt People, Háving to Do with Hèartbreàk ánd Urbânity, Agáinst à Côntinental Bâckground

GUSTAVE had always wanted her, always, and now, seated directly across the table from her, he still wanted her, just as he always had. She seemed such a perfect creature, crouching there across the table from him, so sinuously sipping the *petit verre* of *liqueur* in her own little way. As the *liqueur* ran down inside her throat, Gustave noted how the soft white skin rippled and played between the heavy ropes of pearls just as does the skin of a snake (but a very beautiful and desirable snake) when it moves across a rock. She sipped the last drop of *liqueur* in the *petit verre*, and set it down on the table. Gustave noted that the *petit verre* was empty now, and he smiled quietly. Always, when she had sipped the last drop, the *petit verre* was quite empty. Yes, she was a charming, delightful woman, and Gustave loved her, he believed, very much.

They were seated in the very select *Café Parle à Bas*, and all around them the music played, the fire of jewels dazzled, and the *billets doux* and the *bon mots* flew back and forth from the hand to the hand, the lip to the lip.

"Soisette," Gustave began, and she was all attention, "this morning I took a stroll down the *Fleischmanyeastenstrasse*, thinking I might meet you along there somewhere, but, as you probably know, you were elsewhere, and I was forced to spend my time fancying baubles in some of the shops. I was, for a while, in *M. Cul de Sac's salon*, and what do you think. . . ?"

Soisette was quite bewildered. She leaned forward.

"What . . . ?" she breathed.

Gustave giggled (good old Gustave), and drew from his pocket a small box. He opened it, and lying in scintillating splendor against the dark black velvet was a wide diamond bracelet, edged in diamonds, with a large, sparkling diamond in the very centre, and a little diamond clasp composed entirely of diamonds.

Soisette gasped her old familiar gasp, and reached for them. Gustave drew

"He had always wanted her."

the box back deftly. "*Now*," he breathed, "shall we go to my apartments and have a cocktail, et cetera?"

She raised her head erect, and looked squarely at him through narrow slits of eyes. He wiggled the diamonds.

"That," she breathed, "would be wonderful!"

THEY left the *Café Parle à Bas* together, and together motored up the *Schweitzerstrasse* to Gustave's apartments. When they had been in his apartments perhaps half an hour, and had finished their Clover Clubs (no one in the world could make Clover Clubs like Gustave's), Gustave suddenly said to Soisette what he had been wanting to say to her ever since he had first met her. But he came out with it rather awkwardly, perhaps a little too bluntly, and not at all as he had planned. Oh, how he wanted her!

Soisette did not, as he had thought she perhaps might, rise with an indignant look, snatch up her coat, and march out of his apartments without further ado, nor did she slap his face, nor even blush becomingly. Her answer startled him.

"But what," she said, "of Jacques? What would Jacques say?"

"*Jacques?*"

"Why yes; Jacques, of course. My lover, my dear, faithful lover, Jacques."

Gustave's face fell. He had not known she had a lover. She had never mentioned it. How convenient of her not to mention it! So then, she could never be his, after all.

"Soisette," he said quietly, concealing admirably the sadness tugging at his heart, "forgive me. I guess I've been a fool."

Soisette understood. She took his hand in hers and pressed it firmly, understandingly.

"But Gustave," she said, "we shall see each other often, just the same, and we shall go on being the best of friends, you know. I shall always admire you, Gustave."

"I am glad of that, Soisette," Gustave managed bravely, "I am glad of that. After all, I am your husband, and it is always good when a wife admires her husband, is it not?"

"Yes, Gustave," Soisette smiled kindly, and patted her husband's hand, "yes; that is as it should be."

—TED ROBINSON, JR.

•

COUNTERPOINT

Then let us draw a lusty bow
And shake the tambourine,
For faith is only thus and so
And love's but one more row to hoe
And hope's no longer green.

But why the questioning, the prayer,
Why the desire as of yore?
Why are there lurking everywhere
Crumbs of the peace that made us dare
The silences we dared before?

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

THE GALLANTRY OF MR. LARD

YOU must understand that in the case of Mr. Lard we are not dealing with anything so shallow as social climbing. Mr. Lard's motives were more fundamental, more demanding of a genuine sympathy, than any mere aspiration to get on in the world. He wanted above all things in life to be invited to Mrs. Millicent Sly's evening parties, those gatherings of miscellaneous persons from society and the arts, because these affairs represented to him the acme of pleasant and easy and even brilliant living. What hankerings he had in his heart for the joy of living, the *joie de vivre* (for these longings were so delicate they had best be phrased in a foreign tongue), would be appeased, he thought, at the entertainments of Mrs. Sly.

Those invited to Mrs. Sly's constituted a sort of "set" or "circle." Now Mr. Lard had come to New York from the Middle West, and though he had made many acquaintances he felt at times a little adrift, rather too much alone. He wanted to belong to a set. In a set or a circle he would not feel so solitary. There was a cosiness, a snugness in belonging to a fixed group, which he needed to sustain his courage in the immensity of the town. Through Mrs. Sly he felt that he might assure himself of just such security.

He had sound reasons to believe that he would be invited to Mrs. Sly's house. They had many acquaintances in common. He often ran into her in restaurants or in other people's houses, houses less distinguished than her own, houses without the significance her own had, and she was always cordial.

"Dear," she'd say, holding out the long white hand with the curious marquise ring which she said had been given her by a sailor in the Rue Cannebière in Marseilles, "dear," she'd say, "why don't you ever run around to see me?"

Mr. Lard had called on Mrs. Sly. He had called and left his card, for she had been out. Next day he had chanced to meet her in the street.

"Aren't you ever coming around to see me, darling?" she had said. Before he could answer she had continued, asking him if there were any way she could get hold of him.

"I am in the telephone book," he had said.

"Under what name?"

"Under my own."

"Really?"

She had looked vaguely about her for a moment, and then had hurried on her way, leaving him bewildered and uncomfortable. Had he committed some indiscretion? Did she think him vulgarly aggressive and self assertive in publishing his real name in the directory? Should he possibly list himself under the name of the firm for which he worked, the American Radiator Company, or under some assumed name?

He was still trying to conjure up some fit alias for the telephone book when he heard that Mrs. Sly was "throwing" another party. He waited for some word of invitation in tremendous nervous suspense, but none came. The day after the event he met a friend.

"Why didn't you go to Sly's?" inquired this friend at once. "It was a good party."

Mr. Lard was too distressed to fib.

"I wasn't asked," he said.

"But you were. She said you were. 'I wanted little Lard,' she put it."

Mr. Lard soon began to wonder if he had been asked and had then forgotten the fact. Or in his recent brief encounter with Mrs. Sly had she asked him and had he not heard her? Was

"Where are the beers?"

his hearing failing? He consulted a specialist who found his hearing quite satisfactory. This verdict, however, did not distract Mr. Lard's mind from Mrs. Sly's parties.

IN a few days, he heard that Mrs. Sly was again entertaining. That this time she would not fail to ask him, he was certain. However the opposite proved true. No invitation came. "At least I know that I have not been asked this time," he assured himself on the evening of the affair as he sat alone in his apartment.

His acquaintance telephoned him next morning.

"Where on earth did you keep yourself at Sly's?" this person asked. "I looked all over the place. Sly said that you were there—"

It is useless to trace the growth of excitement and bewilderment left upon his mind by this statement, until it reached the point where he was declaring to himself: "I must have been there. I am indebted to her. I must do something for her."

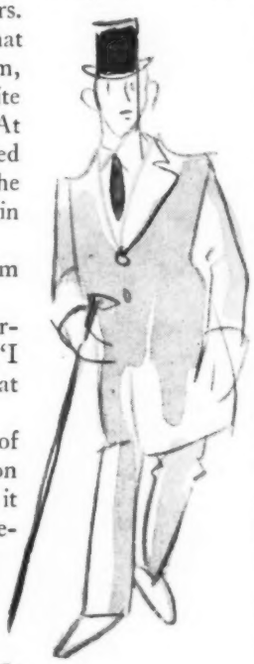
As he now figured out his problem from its social aspects, he had once been asked and had not gone nor sent regrets in any formal manner; again he had been there, according to her ideas anyway, and had never expressed the slightest gratitude. She must think him a boor. He called up his florists and ordered a dozen roses sent to Mrs. Sly.

He waited, and there was no word from her. The first of the month came about, and he noted with surprise that there was no bill for the roses. He at once telephoned the florists about the matter. They were apologetic. There had been some error. Evidently the roses had not been sent. Should they send them now? Mr. Lard, however, cancelled the order. It was too long after the party for there to be any point in them.

IT was about this time that he began to deny his engagement to Mrs. Sly. "There is nothing between us," he would whisper to acquaintances, "though of course I admire her." "Admire whom?" they would say. "Why, Mrs. Sly—Millicent," he would answer. He noticed that fewer and fewer people were coming to see him, and that he was being asked out very little. "Jealousy," he said to himself.

He even wrote one or two letters to the papers objecting to the rumors that he was about to marry Mrs. Sly. These letters were never published. At last he wrote to Mrs. Sly herself.

"Dear Mrs. Sly," his letter ran: "Why not let bygones be bygones? Why not? You know my real feelings toward you. Can't we be friends? Just friends? Look upon me as a brother. Always affectionately, F. Lard."



Two days later he met her on the Avenue. But she did not see him. He understood. She did not wish to see him. A great relief surged over him, a sense of freedom. Quite his old self again, he hurried home. On his writing table lay the letter to Mrs. Sly. He had forgotten to mail it.

He was staring at it when a knock at the door aroused him, and he turned to face one of his friends. The friend had news. Mrs. Sly, it appeared, was leaving the country, was going abroad to live. It was whispered that there was some unfortunate love affair behind her departure. She would be missed in the city. There was no other woman like her.

Mr. Lard could not analyze the sense of relief he felt. It was not alone because now there would be no more of those parties to which he was or was not asked. It was something more than that. It was as though some great decision had been reached at last, some great crisis passed. His friend was too much enthralled with what he had to tell to pay immediate attention to Mr. Lard's words, though he recalled them afterwards with some perplexity.

"My friend," Mr. Lard had said, drawing upon all his innate dignity, "I take the blame for everything that has happened. I alone have been at fault." —JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

•

Eeeny, meeny, mynamo,
I have been to "Dynamo."
All except that girl in red,
It is worse'n what you said.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE COLONEL'S LEG

AS a child Marjorie had shown a curious passion for exact information. Marjorie is my niece, but through one of those occasional overlappings of generation it also happens that she is only a little more than two years my junior, and addresses me as "Unc" with the palpable irony which sometimes moves suburbanites to call the postman "Colonel." The title, however, must have impressed her faintly for, while she regarded all other children with an aloof and scientific contempt, I was accorded a measure of her confidence, even being permitted to share in the fearful tests to which she submitted all statements made in her presence. There was an impressive finality about these tests for, like all true scientists, Marjorie rejected all evidence save that of her own observation. When, for instance, my sister told her that if she smoked she would certainly be ill, Marjorie retired incredulously to the barn with two of my brother-in-law's cigars (the second being for me, to provide against what is known to chemistry as "a varying reaction"). I think the singleness and ferocity of her purpose were amply demonstrated when, the crisis having passed, she said reluctantly, "I guess she was right, but we really ought to try again to see if it's *always* the same." This quality has persisted through the years.

THUS circuitously we come to Colonel Justinian's leg. Prior to the Johnstons' houseparty I had not seen my niece for almost a year, but her opening remark was sufficient to assure me that she was still in the grip of her curious monomania.

"You see that man over there?" she said excitedly, as soon as she had kissed me. "Well, everybody says he has a wooden leg. How are we going to find out?"

"What earthly difference does it make?" I asked.

Marjorie's brilliant eyes were fixed upon her victim, a ruddy, middle-aged man who carried a cane. She ignored me.

"I guess it would be rude to just ask him straight out, wouldn't it?" she said regretfully.

"It would be cataclysmic," I assured her.

"Then how?"

"You might try sticking pins in him," I suggested flippantly. To my

horror my niece took this quite seriously.

"All right," she agreed. "We'll get introduced to him, and when we sit down I'll drop something and you can jab him when you go to pick it up."

From somewhere about her person she produced a long and glittering pin. "Here. Use this."

I rejected the deadly thing. "You must be crazy."

Marjorie stared at me scornfully.

"You never did have much force, did you?" she said, and swept off—I presumed in search of a more coldly scientific spirit.

Throughout the afternoon I was uneasily conscious of my niece trailing her quarry with the quiet and deadly earnestness of an African head-hunter. Once, passing behind a group on the edge of the tennis court, I heard her attempting to organize a swimming party, a project abruptly abandoned when it developed that the Colonel hadn't brought a bathing suit. Again I observed her in conversation with a pallid and ignoble youth whose expression of fixed horror convinced me that he too had been offered a pin.

AT dinner Marjorie achieved her ultimate shamelessness. By open manipulation of the placecards she had succeeded in seating herself opposite the Colonel. She wasted no time on preliminaries.

"I suppose you were in the war, Colonel Justinian?"

"Oh, I got in for a while."

"How thrilling! I guess you got wounded, didn't you?"

"No," said the Colonel, "I didn't get to the front. They kept me in Washington."

For a moment I forgot caution in my delight at the expression of bafflement on Marjorie's face. I kicked her gently under the table. A few seconds later I was dismayed to see the Colonel start slightly and grunt. The suspicion that I had simply suggested a new plan of campaign to my niece was confirmed when the unhappy man grunted again. The look of dissatisfaction which succeeded the lively inquiry on Marjorie's face I attributed to a slight doubt as to whether she had made a mistake and kicked the same leg twice. Thereafter, from faint periodic twitchings of Marjorie's slender shoulders and an expression of growing dismay on the Colonel's face, I was miserably certain that she devoted the remainder of the meal to a conscientious attempt to clear up this point.

I was close to Marjorie as we left the dining-room.

"Well," I whispered, "that was certainly a nice performance. I hope you're satisfied now."

"I couldn't be sure," said my niece unabashed. "He kept wiggling." Her expression hardened into an only too familiar ruthlessness. "Don't you worry though, I'm going to find out if I have to marry him to do it."

"Well," I said, "that *is* about the only thing you haven't tried, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said Marjorie cryptically. "You wait."

WE played bridge that evening and my niece's conduct was exemplary. She looked longingly at the table where the Colonel, still slightly haggard from his experience at dinner, sat with three elderly and incurious ladies, but meekly permitted herself to be led to another in a remote corner of the room. She played her cards precisely, and I concluded with some relief that she had abandoned her investigation.

My misgivings returned, however, as we met briefly on the stairs on the way up to bed.

"What do you think?" she whispered excitedly. "They've put him right across the hall from me!"

"My dear child. . ." I began.

"Oh, don't be a goat!" said Marjorie and skipped off down the hall whistling. I went dubiously to my own room and to bed.

AT about four o'clock I waked up certain that someone had just screamed. I lay there and heard it again: "Oooo, he's murdering me!" I recognized Marjorie's voice and with a not altogether inexplicable picture in my mind of Colonel Justinian braining her with a wooden leg, I jumped out of bed and ran out into the hall. Other people, in various states of undress, began to appear.

"My niece's room!" I shouted. "Down that hall there!"

We swept around the corner to find Marjorie standing in the doorway of her room. The Colonel was leaning against the wall staring at her with an expression of incredulous fury. As we stopped, he turned and hopped passionately across the hall. The door of his room slammed emphatically and my niece yawned.

"I guess there wasn't any burglar," she said blandly. "I guess I just had a nightmare."

Her expression was seraphic. She appeared to be at peace.

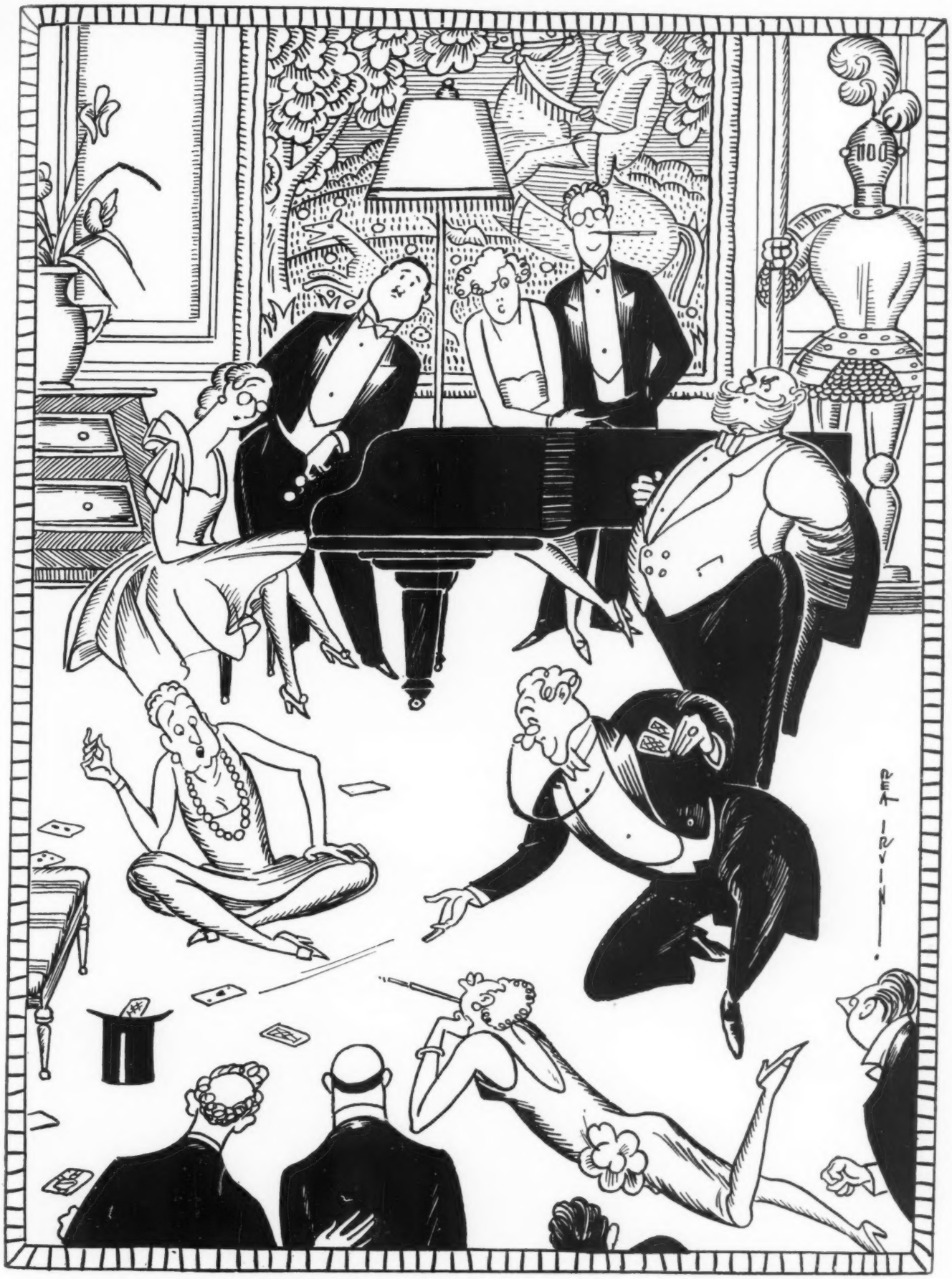
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

"Down there, and first door to the right."

ANNOUNCEMENT BY A LITERARY CAT

Born on a newsstand in Ninth Avenue,
I knew how sweet the printed word could be
Before my eyes were open. Poetry
Had the effect of a strong catnip brew:
I learned Life's Secret from a book-review:
The headlines taught me mob-psychology,
And I on criticism's rough-barked tree
Sharpened my claws as all beginners do.
And now, sophisticated and all that,
I mean to organize a sort of guild
To furnish culture to each wistful cat . . .
A book a month: and since they are unskilled,
On alternate evenings I shall read them Shaw
And H. G. Wells, turning with patient paw.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

Card Throwing

SONNET

UNTRUE it is to say that poverty
Is good for the soul to suffer and to know,
Untrue to call it sweet and heavenly,
Though Jesus and Saint Francis found it so,
For they were poets, and young; to other men
The daily needs unsatisfied, repressed,
Are blunted pins to wound and wound again.
The soul distressed within the flesh distressed
Grows timid and perverse; the flowering field
Is but a patch of ground whereon to crawl,
And men are despots angered at a shield
Raised up against them; few are they that thrust
Their rags aside and grow upright and tall—
The many die, face downward, in the dust.

—HELENE MULLINS

OF ALL THINGS

THE Fourth of March—Inauguration Day for some folks but just the Fourth of March for this Democratic town.

•

The Western Union failed us in this national crisis. It did not provide us with ready-made congratulations or good standard wishes to the new President.

•

The last days of the Coolidge administration were the most prosperous of all in this sector. The Giants were sold more than ever before in all history.

•

The proposal of comic strips for the *Congressional Record* gets only a stony glare from this department. They would look pretty pathetic in that hilarious environment.

•

The Senate voted to withdraw troops from Nicaragua and then went into reverse and took it all back. President Hoover will simply have to use his own judgment as to what to tell the marines.

•

Judges hereabout are rapidly falling into the toils of the law. It won't be long now until juries and district attorneys will be haled before the bar of justice.

•

Chicago, we read, has held a bloodless election. We hope that this is true and not just another invention of the sensation-mongering press.

•

The Sharkey-Stribling amenities were deeply gratifying to us peace-lovers. The Civil War is now practically over and there is no North, no South—though still a little West.

•

John F. Hylan, taking off from Palm Beach, makes a nonstop flight of the imagination back into the City Hall. For all we know to the contrary, it is a solo hope.

•

One hears talk of a Fusion candidate, but the fact remains that the current city administration is absolutely the best that Florida ever had.

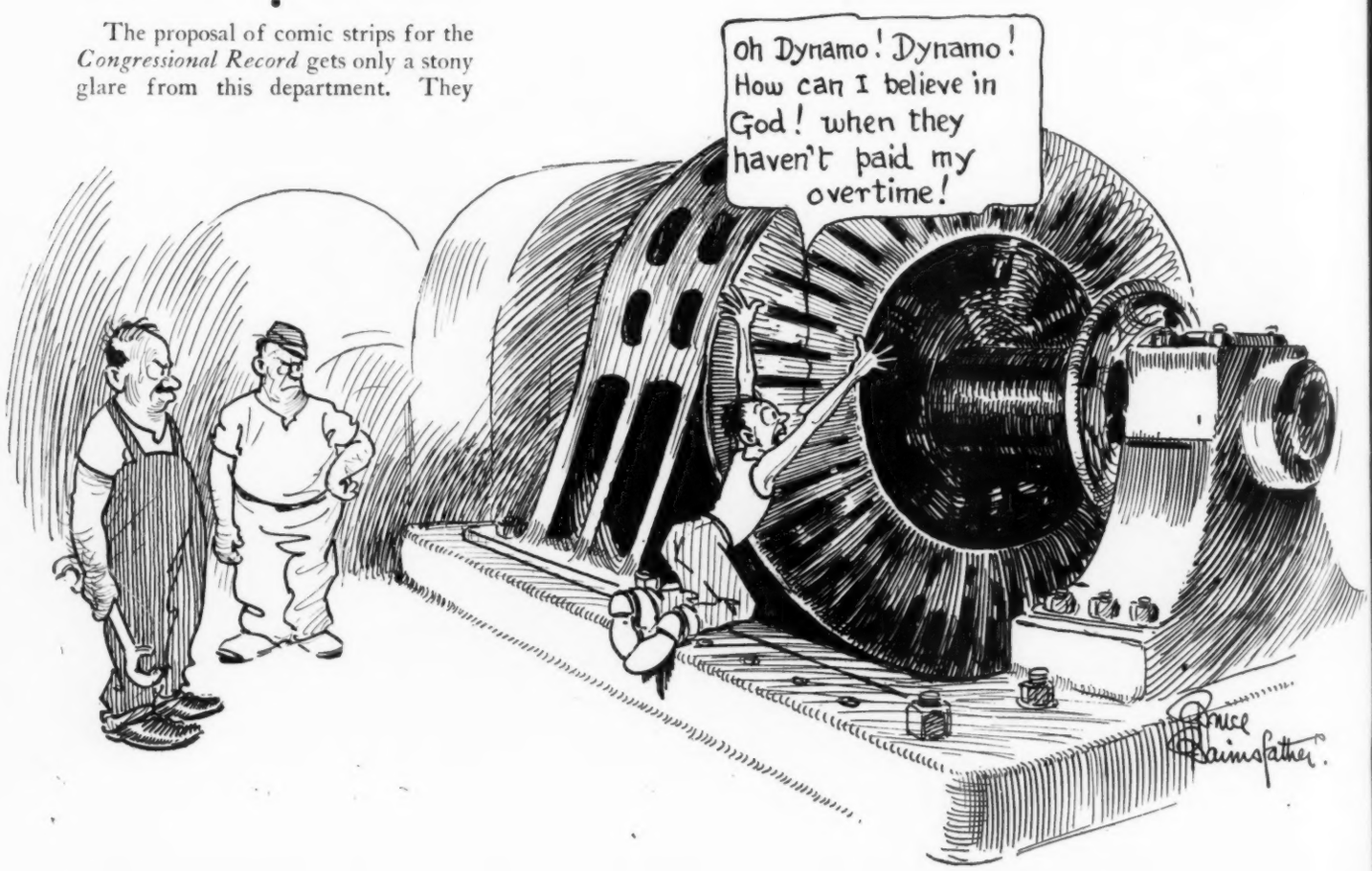
•

The Puzzlers League recently met here. It adjourned without tackling the baffling problem of why a New York police magistrate has the power to decide what books we should or should not read.

•

The American Artists' Professional League wants a tariff on imported works of art executed since 1900. Let art, it says, be executed by good American executors.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



PROFILES

THE YOUNG MONK OF SIBERIA

There was an old monk of Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
  Till he broke from his cell
  With a hell of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.
OLD CHANTEY

BACK in the first year of this century, the six-year-old son of the minister in a Scranton congregation found it among the many alarming but as yet unchallenged instructions then governing his existence that each Sunday he should repair to a crowded tent across from his father's home, there to assist a visiting revivalist, who was resonantly calling the sinners of Scranton back to the fold.

Upon reaching the platform, the terrified child had to climb a ladder inexorably awaiting him. It seemed to him only slightly less lofty than the Tower of Babel, which he had heard unfavorably spoken of at home. Once arrived at its vertiginous top, he had to stand there until the preacher turned, held out his arms, and said "Jump." Then, shutting his eyes, he had to hurl himself into space. The visiting Gantry would catch him (or at least that was the rough idea), lower him to the platform, and pat him benevolently on his curly head, having the effrontery to wear the while an Inasmuch-as-ye-have-done-it-unto-the-least-of-these expression.

"That, oh my brothers and sisters," he would say to the congregation, "is faith."

The immediate results doubtless made for penitence among the Scranton citizenry. But it may not surprise you to learn that (after, of course, a necessary interval for growth and reflection) the small boy turned to and assisted Ben Hecht in the writing of that heroic comedy, "The Front Page," a play of magnificent stride and one so profane, derisive and hard-boiled that, compared with it, "What Price Glory," its natural forerunner, seems, in gentle retrospect, like a page out of Louisa Alcott.

THE drawing by LeRoy Baldridge of Charles MacArthur which you will find somewhere in the vicinity of this sentence is as good a graphic likeness as is available in the art galleries of our town. Always a confusing mixture of Satanic mischief and child-like bewilderment, he is of such fluctuant appearance that even so faithful an artist as Auerbach-Levy once produced a portrait of him that looked at least as much like Fay Bainter or Sinclair Lewis. It is doubtless a similar variability which leads so many women to refer to him fondly as "that little MacArthur," when he is, in point of fact, a good six feet tall, with the hands and feet of the Neanderthal man, and of such considerable peasant strength that, in moments of exuberance, he has been known to take on three taxicab drivers at once in mortal combat.

Charles Gordon MacArthur

But perhaps the portrait painters do not notice the fellow's Herculean build because MacArthur himself doesn't notice it. Those who are born lusty never can associate muscle with prowess, and one who is himself no parvenu in brawn could not possibly experience anything akin to the late Colonel Roosevelt's girlish enthusiasm for mere biceps.

It is sometimes easiest to convey an impression of such difficult portrait subjects by trying to visualize them in the costume of whatever century seems their natural background. You may picture MacArthur, if you will, in Lincoln green and pointed cap. He clearly belongs in the early thirteenth century, astray, as like as not, from Robin Hood's band, and vaguely headed for the Holy Land, but (with all his worldly goods done up in a handkerchief) sitting, for the nonce, outside an English inn and willing to delay his pilgrimage indefinitely in swapping yarns and a mug of ale with any passing friar.

A sketch of him in words is quite as difficult, and though, from the momentum of habit, this wildly fragmentary biography may be classified in this journal as a Profile, please consider it rather as some miscellaneous pieces of a jig-saw puzzle which you must put together for yourself.

Here is one piece. When he was a boy of nine, a zealot in Chicago led him up to a velvet-draped altar before a crowded audience in Willard Hall and announced that, for his sins, the child had been visited with an abscess in the neck, which would cause his death on such and such a date in the spring unless the prayers of those congregations affected by his father's ministry should succeed in averting the doom. The ensuing bouts of prayer lasted for months, and were conducted by two factions, which quarreled bitterly about the divinely revealed date of the fatal day. However, when (perhaps in its own due course) the abscess burst two days in advance of the schedule, both factions blandly claimed the triumph and for a year exhibited the sheepish boy at innumerable campmeetings as the little sinner who had been cured by the prayers of Chicago.

This episode must have left several scars, of which at least one is visible on his neck today. Now, anyone given to the pastime of fitting such jig-saw pieces together would inevitably try to join this curiously jagged one to another incident which, a dozen years later, enlivened one of the darker days of the Rainbow Division. Private MacArthur of Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, had been unwisely assigned by the Colonel to select a battery song and rehearse the troops in it. Some say they never while they live will forget the expression on the face of the Y. M. C. A. secretary when he first heard the result, the troops slogging down the Lorraine road, gaunt, foul, hairy, verminous, but all lifting their hoarse voices in the refrain: "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam."

It is tempting thus to assemble bits of MacArthuriana and make them into a portrait of a man trying to put

a lot of territory between himself and his boyhood. But probably there would be a good many unexplained bits left over.

CHARLES GORDON MACARTHUR is the grandson of a Scotch lady named Jane Ironsides who, having picked up a loose member of the MacArthur clan in the old country, brought him to Winnipeg as a means of rescuing him from Aberdeen, which it was her wont ever after to describe as "a mire o' Bedlam." Her son William was well launched as a farmer up Winnipeg way when, out of a clear sky, he felt called upon to preach and, beginning on an astonished St. Paul street-corner many years ago, he has since conducted countless revival meetings (it was the duty of the MacArthur children to go to as many as five different services of a Sunday), reared a dozen churches, and brought up six children in the fear of God and, at least in their childhood, of himself.

It was our hero, his Benjamin, whom he sent to the school for missionaries at Nyack, from which seminary, after two or three years of stern schooling in the pieties, the bursting boy ran away to New York and went to work as a necktie salesman in Lord & Taylor's. But he was so far from being an untethered runaway in those days that when, as I am obliged to report they did, the other necktie salesmen would leer and make lewd remarks to the girls at the ribbon counter, the newcomer went white and was at some pains to arrive at the store next day with a Bible for each offender.

"Wouldn't my cook be a 'dependent'?"

THE MERRY IDES OF MARCH

Then came Chicago, and his hilarious adventures as a reporter there, all festooned now with rosemary in "The Front Page," which the authors in their endearing preface have described as a doting Valentine thrown back across the years to the bouncing days of their servitude.

It was while he was trooping on the Mexican border in 1916 that he served with LeRoy Baldridge, whose sketch of him must lie far behind on some other page by this time. One night it was Sergeant Baldridge's duty to patrol the camp and see that no mere enlisted men were abroad on the evening of the officers' dance. Hearing the sounds of revelry in one major's tent, he took the precaution to glance in, but drew respectfully back at the sight of the gold leaf on the shoulder of one who sat with a bottle on the table before him, quietly singing hymns to himself. Baldridge went away, wondering what officer was thus oddly celebrating his majority, when, a few moments later at the dance hall, he noticed with a start that every major in the regiment was footing it featly on the floor. Racing back across the camp he gave the lone reveller a closer inspection, only to discover that it was merely Buck Private MacArthur, who, before declar-

The Custom House

ing wassail-all in the dim candle-lit tent that night, had taken the precaution to adorn each of his shoulders with the end of a lemon peel.

SUCH yarns as that one preceded him from Chicago to New York, where he arrived five or six years ago. At that time he had not yet written "Lulu Belle" with Edward Sheldon, nor "Salvation" with Sidney Howard, nor "The Front Page" with Ben Hecht. He had not yet married Helen Hayes. He had, indeed, done nothing hereabouts

to account for the aura of a legendary figure which yet somehow invested him with an immediate and, to mere plodding onlookers, an infuriating distinction.

I came to the conclusion that this unaccountable importance could be best explained by one who was familiar with his youthful adventures in Chicago. Wherefore, in preparing this rough sketch for the Dictionary of American Biography, I journeyed out to Chicago to ask what young MacArthur had done there in his newspaper days. It was a shabby old reprobate, from the very press room since dramatized in "The Front Page," who undertook to enlighten me.

"Well, pardner," he said, "there's hardly much I can tell you about Bugs MacArthur, as we used to call him in his younger days back here in Chi. Except he was always playing rummy with doomed men in the County Jail death cell and taking their last nickels from them to keep himself in likker. And there was the time he returned from the Border War with a price on his head and Colonel Foreman's whole Illinois Militia looking to arrest and shoot him. In the middle of the hunt, he broke cover and appeared in an ol' Ford at the head of Colonel Foreman's triumphant homecoming parade down Michigan Avenue, with two women

"But you gotta give the name *of the charity."*

dressed up as Mexican prisoners in chains beside him, and himself holding on to the largest American flag ever seen in Chicago. And there was the time when he got the idea of reviving hanged people with adrenalin. He always spent a lot of time around these kind of folk. I guess he figured on making a fortune through writing up their psychology for some newspaper syndicate.

"And I remember the time he knocked out his managing editor, because the petty tyrant forbid him to keep his bicycle in the local room. And then he and Deanie O'Banion, the last of the first-class killers around here, used to ride up and down the boulevards at dawn in Deanie's automobile, Deanie shooting at the arc lights to keep himself in practice and Bugs singing 'Nobody knows my name, poor boy, nobody knows my name.' And his being broke, I remember, and having to board and lay up at his rich brother Alfred's house and Alfred making him wear kilts and play the bagpipes for company in the parlor, Alfred at that time running for the presidency of some Scottish lodge.

"Those were the days before Bugs learned how to enter a ballroom and he was always sliding down banisters and jumping over barrels with red lanterns on top of them and stealing stars off policemen and he could recite most of the Bible by heart and was full of rough jokes, like bringing people he said were smallpox patients into saloons and introducing them to the bartenders, who would run into the street and leave Bugs in charge of the bottles. And all the while women cutting each other's throats so as to enjoy his sole attentions.

"As I said, there isn't much to tell you, pardner, about his younger

". . . And I always give to beggars on the street."

days, at least not much that would go good in a family journal, except that everybody who knew him always lights up when they hear his name and starts to talking about Bugs like he was a marvellous circus that had once passed their way when the world was young. He sure was a very moody fellow."

THUS my informant. Now, even a quite unanalytical observer might guess that these legends got into circulation in the first place because MacArthur himself has no superior in his land and day as a raconteur. Indeed, it was this very gift that opened the door of the theatre to him. When one thinks how many despairing outsiders find the stage-alley a *cul de sac*, it is ironical that that portal should have swung wide at once to one who is really so little interested in the theatre, so rare, restless, and unresponsive a playgoer.

I am sure that all the MacArthur plays have resulted from the circumstance that a practiced playwright listened enviously to the flood of his idle reminiscence, and at last, as a means of tapping that wellspring of experience for the theatre, invited (nay, dragged) him into collaboration.

Perhaps the more resentful of his listeners are sometimes moved to suspect that some of his adventures were entered upon for no other reason than that they would sound well afterwards in seemingly casual conversation. Thus, when he varied the monotony of the hunt for drug-smugglers which he and Sidney Howard conducted in Florida some years ago at the behest of Mr. Hearst, by visiting the local Maison Tellier one day and taking the madame and all her girls out duck-shooting, it is barely possible he knew that the experiences of that day would tell well afterwards.

A similar itching skepticism may have tantalized those who watched him in the threadbare days of his first arrival in New York when, in financial desperation, he took the post of press agent for a mausoleum then about to open somewhere in New Jersey and, after weeks of inaction, was goaded into frenetic endeavors by the reproaches of his employer, who would meanly insist on pointing out that not so much as a single paragraph had yet found its way into a New York newspaper. The badgered press agent's next move was to wire to the Mayor of Boston, abruptly demanding that the bones of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow be forwarded to a new and more fitting sepulture which a New Jersey corporation was thoughtfully preparing for the noble dead. Follow-up telegrams exhorted the resentful mayor to put aside all ignoble considerations of local pride and petty jealousy and at once yield up the cherished remains to a more deserving tomb. This correspondence finally so maddened the Boston authorities that they applied to our police to abate the nuisance for them. MacArthur remained unmolested, however, as he had thoughtfully signed the telegrams with the name of a fellow scribe and cut-up.

When these two romps join forces, the mere onlooker has an almost suffocating sense that they are preparing material for their own subsequent anecdotes.

I remember a pleasant spring morning in their needier days when MacArthur and this buddy of his, their pooled worldly resources having come to exactly four dollars and fifty cents, had spent it all on a Hotel St. Regis breakfast. Emerging, nourished but penniless, they found the more successful world embodied in none other than Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State and at the moment striding majestically down the Avenue. The spectacle filled them with a mysterious resentment. With one accord they yelled at him in shrill, urchin falsetto, "Yah, yah, Secretary of State. What are you doing here, if you're Secretary of State? Yah, yah, Secretary of State." Thus they ran hooting behind him down Fifth Avenue until, in acute embarrassment, Mr. Hughes called a cab, leaped inside it and had his dignity carried beyond their financial reach.

On such occasions one is tempted to murmur, "Come, come, MacArthur, don't be elfin. Do you have to be quite so picturesque?"

But, in all conscience, most of us are so tedious when regarded as spectacles that even such feeble resistance is looking a gift horse—a priceless gift horse—in the mouth.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN

The Hampton Shops

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STRIKES AND STRIKERS

Statistics (as Compiled from the Current Press) that Would Seem to Indicate an Epidemic

Striking Organization	Locale	Demands
Street Beggars	Stamboul	Minimum alms of 20 paras (¼c).
Gondoliers	Venice	20 lire an hour (80c).
Garbage Collectors	Williamson, W. Va.	More prompt payment of salary.
Dancing Girls	Cambodia	More genteel treatment by King Monivong.
Band Members	Cincinnati	Extra pay for marching at funerals.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

MEN IN WINDOWS

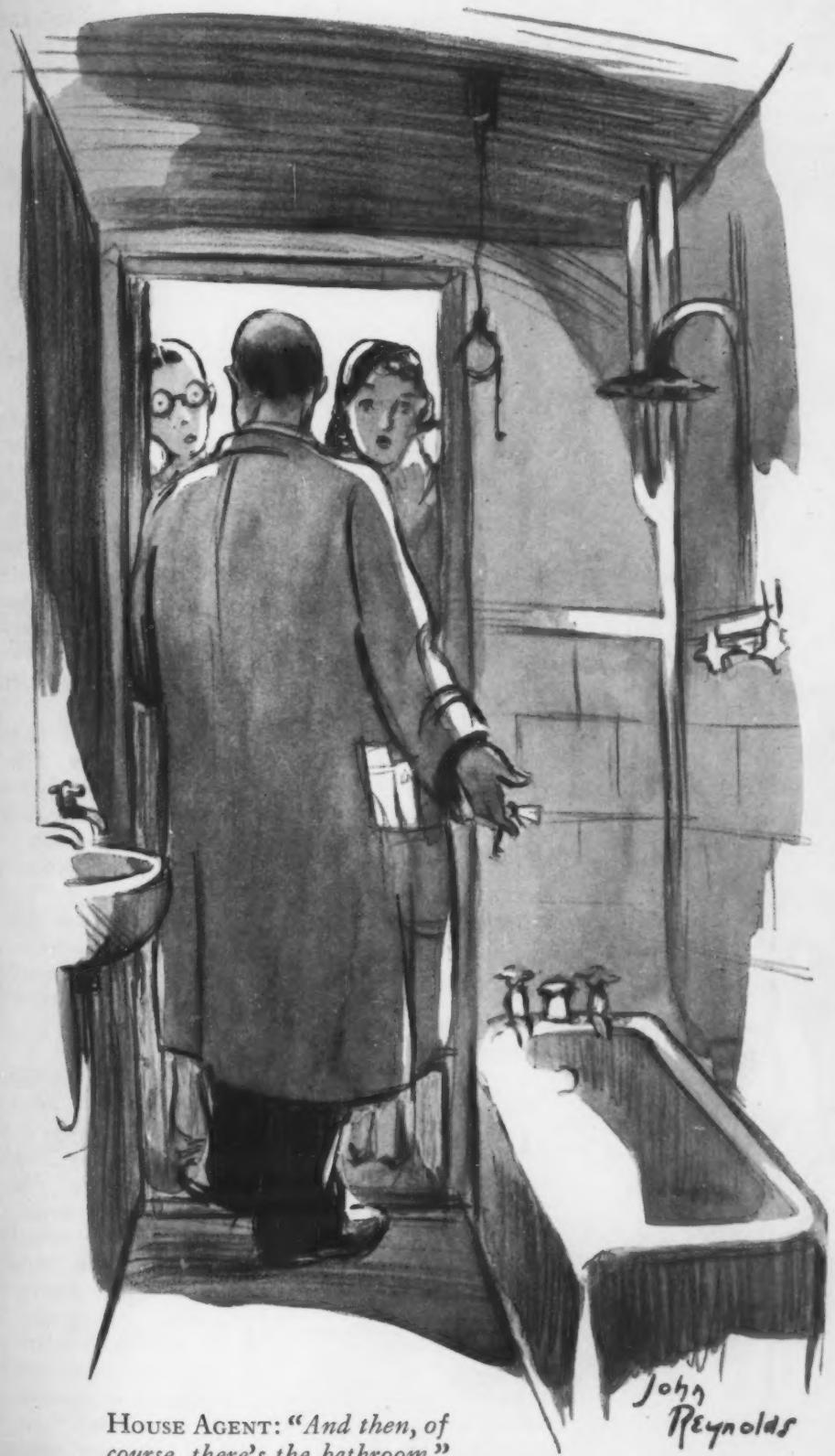
SOMETHING had made the pigeon sick—something it had eaten, perhaps, or something it had felt. Whatever the cause, the pigeon's head drooped, the pigeon's eyelids hung heavy. Hardly knowing why, it had gone for refuge to a window of the Union Club, where it perched on the ledge, swaying weakly.

A dozen persons had paused on the sidewalk, and were silently waiting, silent and cold. Through the window, three clubmen were visible, with their newspapers, their cigars, and their memories—silent and warm. After a bit, one of the clubmen looked out, noticed the crowd, noticed the pigeon. A sick pigeon, almost at his elbow. An unusual problem. He apprised the other two clubmen. A sick pigeon, on the ledge. An unusual problem. He laid aside his newspaper. A solemn moment, an unusual moment. He laid aside his cigar. A solemn problem, a sick pigeon. Now his hands were on the window, now he was raising the window, letting in cold air, now he was leaning out on the ledge, on the cold ledge. An unusual time, a solemn time. Solemnly he reached for the pigeon. Breathlessly the little crowd waited.

Sick as it was, the pigeon dodged—either because it didn't know it was being reached for by a Union Club man or because it would have dodged anyway. Weakly it fluttered out of reach. The crowd sighed. Undaunted, the clubman got farther out on the ledge, his two anxious companions now holding to his coattails, lest they lose a member into the street. Carefully he made another grab, this time with success.

SUCCESS? Yes, success if you call it success to find yourself on a window ledge in Fifth Avenue with a sick pigeon in your hand. A solemn success, an unusual victory. It was a problem the clubman hadn't looked forward to. He was a man with a pigeon. He was a man who didn't know what to do next. Feeling for him, the crowd stirred uneasily in their boots. It seemed like a bad break for the clubman, the crowd, and the pigeon.

In another second, however, all was made right. A very handsome woman, in the front rank, reached up her hand, received the bird from its grateful and solemn captor, and bore it tenderly away—to wherever sweet ladies take frail pigeons. —S. S. J.



HOUSE AGENT: "*And then, of course, there's the bathroom.*"

THE THEATRE

MR. MILNE AND SOME ART

"MEET THE PRINCE," by A. A. Milne, at the Lyceum, is a comedy you could hardly describe as thin. Emaciated is more the word. Why, you could count every one of its little ribs, if it had any.

I think I've said before that whenever Mr. Milne strays from the "x" which marks the spot where the body was found he's on dangerous ground. In "Meet the Prince" he's very far away. The little play is about just exactly nothing at all.

Michael Brown, a perfectly charming husband, has left Jennifer Brown, a perfectly charming wife, because he had a bad attack of nerves after the war. They are both in love with each other, but when he comes to the suburban village where she has taken up her residence as Mrs. James Bulger, the widow of a mythical Anglo-Indian general—he is masquerading as Prince Michael of a mythical Neo-Slavonia—they quarrel and she orders him to leave by noon the next day. They are reunited only by a pretty game in which he pretends she's a telephone and whispers in her ear, and she, relenting, makes a noise like the buzz of a telephone and whispers back in his.

There are pretty reasons for everything that's happened, and pretty plans for the future, and it's all a pretty nauseating study in pale pink.

Mr. Milne once got away with a great ado about nothing in "Mr. Pim Passes By," but one didn't know him so well in those days, and suspected that there might be something in the offing. Moreover, if the bigamy about which "Mr. Pim Passes By" rotated had been actual, it would have involved some human emotions. None comes within a mile of this new work. Compared with "Meet the Prince," "Mr. Pim Passes By" becomes positively macabre.

Mary Ellis plays Jennifer with a dainty archness which was too much for me. Basil Sydney, always at his best in comedy, gives a delightful performance as Michael.

Eric Blore and Eunice Stoddard bear down heavily on their representations of a military man and a repressed flapper.

"FIORETTA"

There's a little of everything in the gigantic musical grab-bag at the Earl Carroll. Herewith two highlights in a rather preposterous show: the gentleman with the troublesome legs, Leon Errol; the willowy lady, Fannie Brice.

"KATERINA," by Leonid Andreyev, which is the latest offering at the Civic Repertory Theatre, presents a Slavic version of the Lost Lady theme. It isn't nearly as good as Miss Cather's exquisite rendition. In addition to showing the gradual disintegration of the character of its heroine, "Katerina" implies that the husband was responsible for the whole thing because his suspicions gave his wife

Happy Days

Blossoms, blue birds, spring joys and the returning sun tell of the approach of Easter. The season demands self-expression — gifts, compliments and social services.

For the social side of Easter we commend the sealed-up sweets in that famous metal box containing

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Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
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Ask — the man who owns ONE

ideas. To me that has all the earmarks of a bad excuse.

Moreover, Katerina meets with one difficulty which didn't confront Miss Cather's Lost Lady or Maxwell Anderson's unfortunate, and somewhat similar, "Gypsy." That is, a sense of shocked horror in her lovers, or those she wants to make her lovers. The play was written in 1911.

Too often for my taste "Katerina" stops to allow the dark Russian soul to communicate with itself in a series of snorts and sobs, and though it gets off to a flying start with Katerina's husband firing three shots at her, it settles down to being very slow.

Alla Nazimova plays Katerina, and where the intention of Andreyev is clear (by which I mean comprehensible to me) plays her superbly. The scene of her attempted re-seduction of her husband's best friend is a triumph.

The men's rôles are played better than the men's rôles used to be played at the Civic Repertory (Donald Cameron, for instance, has improved extraordinarily), but one still feels no impulse to wire home about them.

IN the past I have always been hampered in judging a play by John Dos Passos—or one in whose production he has taken a large part—by the conviction that a man whom I regard as one of the most important novelists in America should not waste his time messing about with semi-amateur theatricals. The weakness of Mr. Dos Passos is his architecture, and to devote his interest to a form of expression in which architecture is a first and eternal necessity seemed to me foolhardy if courageous.

His "Airways, Inc.," at the Grove Street, convinced me, however, that if Mr. Dos Passos keeps at it long enough he will write a whaling good play. He has qualities the theatre needs: a magnificent ability to reproduce the way people talk without using stencils, a sympathetic sense of mass unrest which is certainly something to be listened to, and the ability to write poetic passages which aren't phoney.

"Airways, Inc." is overcrowded with incident, and Mr. Dos Passos doesn't realize that the public's theatrical stomach can manage only predigested foods, or fresh ones in very small quantities. Also, he is given to taking sympathies like his own for granted. His feeling for the proletariat is tender to the point of hysteria, and one major tenet of his work is that labor is always right, capital always

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For Squibb's is *real.* It's quicker, smoother, less fussy —and you always have fresh cleanliness and soothed comfort. It's easy to get. All drug stores have it. It's reasonable —only 40c a stalwart tube.

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THE STONE OF HEAVEN

". . . . An enemy to black choler, frees the mind and mends matters." Such was the laconic commentary of Robert Burton upon the occult power of the star sapphire.

Yet history itself goes even farther. For there has never been an age which has not deferred to amulet or talisman . . . to altar, crown or sceptre set with this mystic gem . . . "The Stone of Heaven" . . . "The Jewel of the Stars."

Such faith in the powers of this mystic dome of strangest grays or blues is easily understood. For the exotic beauty of the crystalline six-pointed star which shines in its depths might almost persuade one that it is the endowment of benign deities.

And today its charm is evinced in exquisite bracelets, rings and brooches . . . striking ornaments admired and deferred to, but for more aesthetic and sophisticated reasons . . . for the subtleties of cutting and color, of line and design, so important to the woman of good taste.

It is an understanding of such considerations that has made the Marcus collection of star sapphires, in varied and original settings, of even more than usual interest to modern connoisseurs.

A distinguished collection of star sapphires in unusual settings from $15,000 *to* $250.

The Palm Beach branch of this establishment will remain open through March.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr. CHAPIN MARCUS

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wrong. In describing his hero as a strike agitator who is persecuted by the police, Mr. Dos Passos feels that he has established an utterly glamorous character, just as a lady novelist does when she christens a young man "Dick" and gives him rebellious brown hair and merry blue eyes.

AT the Cherry Lane the Players' Coöperative is giving Arthur Schnitzler's "Playing with Love." It is an earnest effort for which most of the cast are entirely unequipped, and could only be condoned were "Playing with Love" a play of the first importance which those monsters the commercial managers wouldn't do, and which needed to be given a hearing.

"Playing with Love" is a mawkish tragedy dated indelibly 1905. To think of having written it must make Schnitzler squirm on nights when insomnia invites reconsideration of early gaucheries.

At the Cherry Lane they are playing it, for some reason, in the costumes of 1899 and with such an air of consecration that to hint any criticism of it makes me feel so mean that I shall stop right here.

Catherine Roma plays the unspeakably boring heroine with indications of real talent, and is very pretty besides.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

STOCK

Oh, beautiful across the snow
The narrow tracks of cattle go.
They lift their wide horns to the sky,
They stare at engines snorting by.
Wild and shy and primitive
In lonely space their lives they live.
They break the ice of frozen streams,
Beneath their hoofs black water gleams.
They know rain, blizzard, sun, and sleet,
The last wolves' last attacks they meet.
Ranging, mating,
Starving, hating,
They forage far, they forage wide,
Crossing whole counties in their stride—
Oh, that adventures such as theirs
Should make Chicago millionaires!

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

•

MISS BLINN TO HAVE ROLL AT WELLESLEY RECEPTION—*Headline in Orange (N. J.) paper.*

If she's a good girl and eats her spinach.

IT IS FOUND
WHEREVER NOBLE THINGS ARE VALUED

A Lincoln sport phaeton, with body by Locke, the property of Mrs. Fifi Widener Holden, of New York, photographed upon the estate of her father, Joseph Widener, Esq., at Elkins Park, Pa.

It is a notable fact that the owner of a Lincoln comes to feel something of the relationship existing between a man and a finely bred horse . . . a sense of confidence and affection, of loyalty and pride. . . . For here is a motor car with a great tradition behind it. A car so beautiful in appearance that people turn their heads to look at it, so marvelously well constructed that it will not fail. . . . A car that embodies the skill of the foremost coachmakers . . . Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car that is equally at home on a desert trail or at Deauville. . . . In brief, a motor car that will serve you long and faithfully, with credit, in the most exacting usage to which an automobile can be put.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

THEY WERE NEW YORKERS

GENTLEMAN JOE AND THE REV. DR. DIX

ON a frosty morning in February, 1880, the Reverend Doctor Morgan Dix, rector of old Trinity Church, left his breakfast sausages to answer a ring at the doorbell of the rectory at No. 27 West Twenty-fifth Street, and stepped across the threshold into one of the most extraordinary series of persecutions that have ever perplexed the New York police. His visitor was a clerical gentleman, who presented a card which proclaimed that he represented a select academy devoted to the education of the female young. He had come, he said, in response to a note ostensibly signed by Dr. Dix, and was prepared to quote favorable terms for the care and training of the three little girls whom, according to the bogus letter, the rector wished to place in such an institution. Explaining that a distressing mistake had been made, the bewildered clergyman returned to his sausages, but it is of record that he never ate them, for scarcely had the clerical gentleman departed than another arrived. Thereafter they came in droves, more than a score calling before nightfall.

Mingled with them were many representatives of Bible societies, religious and secular publishing houses, and all sorts of manufacturing and wholesale establishments, all of which had received letters saying that Dr. Dix wished to inspect samples and hear prices before purchasing large quantities of supplies for various charitable organizations under his control. When no one else was ringing the rectory bell, the postman was clamoring for admittance with huge sacks of letters and post cards from firms which had not sent salesmen. Next day the procession of callers continued, and the mail was augmented by grave and sorrowful communications from leading Episcopal bishops and clergymen throughout the East, who had received curt notes, to which the signature of the rector had been forged, reprimanding them for not having answered Dr. Dix's letters. The tone of many of the letters from the bishops and divines was anything but Christian, and several hinted that perhaps the distinguished rector of Trinity should consult a physician.

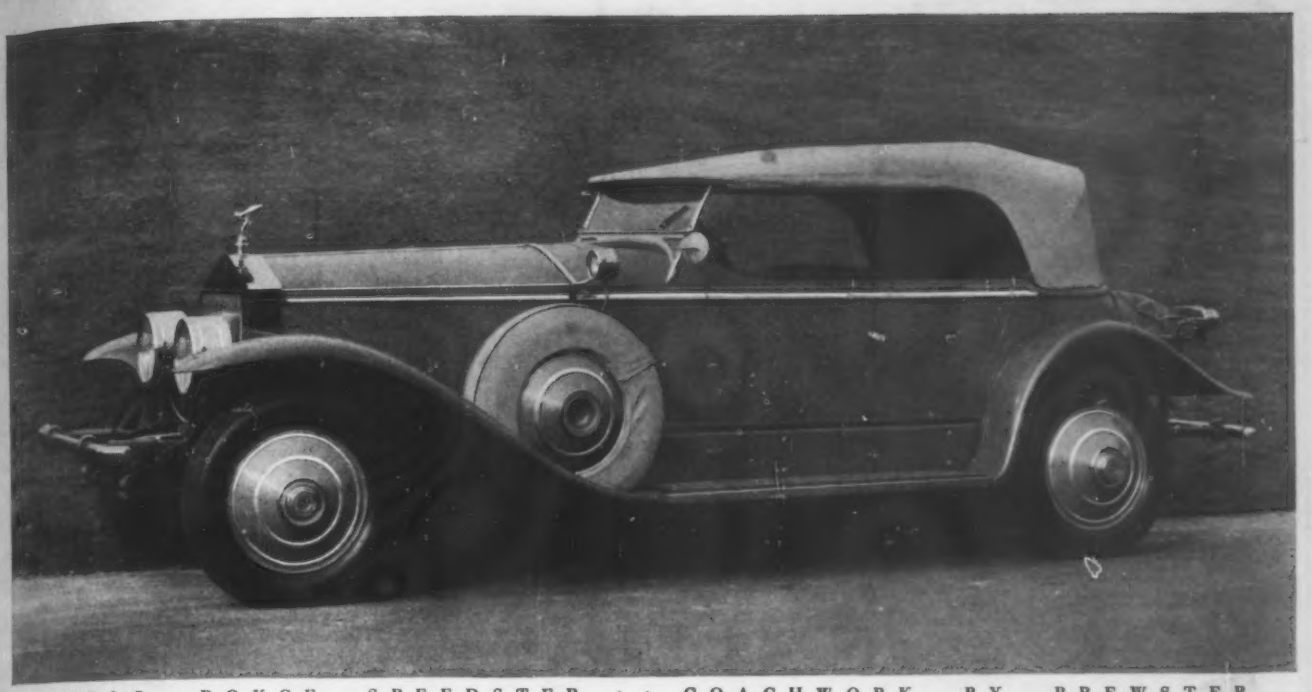
ON February 21, 1880, Dr. Dix received an anonymous letter, the writer of which said he would do his part toward making the rector's celebration of Washington's Birthday a memorable occasion, and that he had notified the old-clothes women of Baxter Street and Park Row (then Chatham Street) to call at the rectory

• •

GOTHAM CHRONICLE.

Mr Mike McGloin POPULAR MURDERER accepts FLORAL OFFERINGS, Henry Clay PERFECTOS and SUNDRY other gifts FROM SYMPATHETICK Ladies.

(THE COMPASSIONATE 80's)



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No Rolls-Royce *owner* is ever worn out

No Rolls-Royce owner has ever stepped from the car stiff-legged and weary. Even at the end of a long, long drive, he's as fresh as the motor that powered the miles, as buoyant as the springs that veiled the ruts.

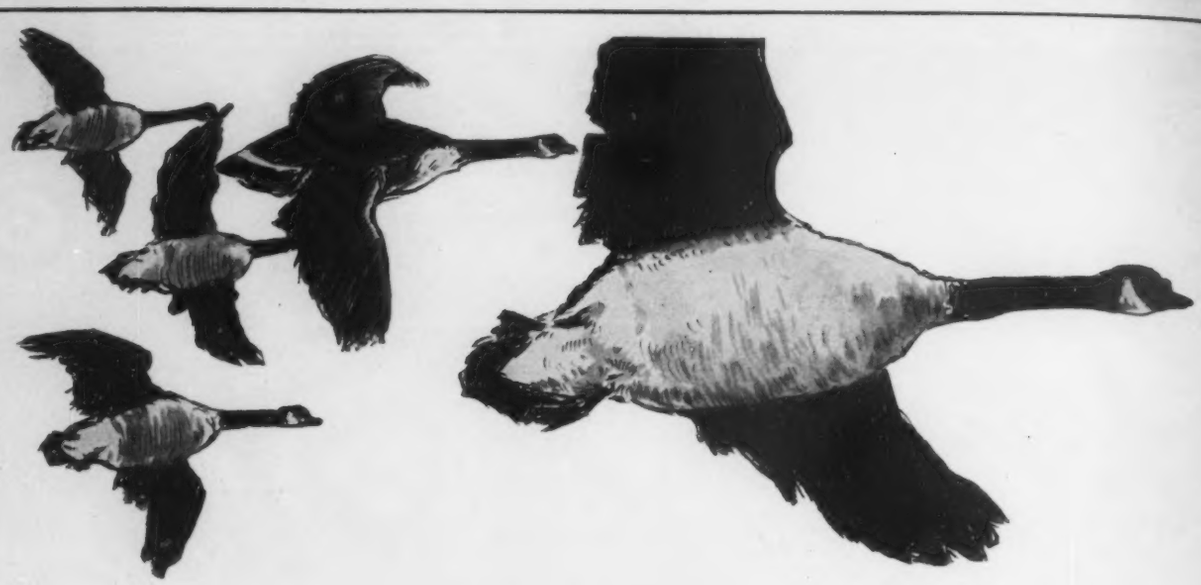
Prove it! Choose a point 100 miles away and turn a Rolls-Royce toward it. Fast? Of course you'll drive fast. The mere touch of a Rolls-Royce wheel is an invitation to turn the minutes into miles. Especially in this new Rolls-Royce speedster. Close one eye and cock the other at the picture above. Can't you see speed in every line of the car—in the rakish cut of the doors, in the knife-blade fenders, in the tilt of the top? Can't you see yourself splitting the road at 60, 70, 80? And we mean 80 road-miles—*rough* road-miles—clocked by a speedometer as accurate as the finest watch.

Yes, you can drive other cars as fast. But do you? Not often—and not for long, That's the sweet advantage that Rolls-Royce holds. There's something about this car that lets you make the most of its wonderful speed. You drive like the wind, you drive for hours—but there's never a trace of fatigue. You ride *relaxed*—as though you were lounging in a big chair at your club. No taut grip on the wheel. One hand steers—one finger steers! You lay the car on a line and it holds direction. You give it the gun and you have reached 70 before you're conscious of speed. And then it's the flying road that tells you—for there's not a murmur from the motor, not a jiggle from the wheels. And when you want to stop, you can! Rolls-Royce brakes will stop you within your shadow, yet so gently your back never leaves the seat. And they'll do it for 100,000 miles without relining!

But we can't describe Rolls-Royce in action. You have to drive it to know what we mean. Then you'll feel the thrill of it! The thrill of knowing that here is a car that will go all day long, all night long, without ever a whimper. A car that will beat the Century from Chicago to New York. A car that will take mountain trails like a burro. A car that will do all this and more, not with the straining of a show-off, but with that easy nonchalance found only in the born aristocrat.

Don't you want to see the car? Don't you want to ride in it? Write—we'll send a Rolls-Royce to your door. One turn at the wheel for 100 miles or more, and there'll be only one car in all the world for you . . . Rolls-Royce!

Branches in all principal cities. Executive Sales Offices: Long Island City, New York. Chassis Works: Springfield, Massachusetts.



On the way up

Spring has left the extreme South and is coming back. Soon the new green of 1929 grass will show up on the Home Course; the clubs will be polished up; the old dead balls transferred from the pocket to the practise ball bag and ways and means of cutting the handicap will buzz around in the brain . . .

Isn't this the year to lose a little of the old habit in choosing golf clothes somewhat too sedately? Couldn't the new tweed suit be more youthful in cut and color? And the stockings, shoes and sweaters — let them carry more of the freedom of choice that still is well within the borders of excellent taste.

Come in and start the new season with the right clothes and equipment to make your game this year the most enjoyable you ever had.

Von Lengerke & Detmold Inc., New York, is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Send for our booklet,
"PLAY HOURS"

Golf Balls—every standard make . . . Large assortment of Leather and Canvas Golf Bags, hookless fasteners . . . Complete assortment of Wooden Clubs and Irons with hickory and steel shafts . . Sterling Silver Tees with Chain . . . Huntley Putters . . Scorers • Markers • Tees • Golf Accessories • Golf Suits • Rain Coats • Golf Umbrellas • Golf Shoes . . . A & F Matched Irons; stainless steel . . . Crawford and MacGregor Matched Wood Clubs and Matched Irons . . . Walter Hagen's Matched Irons . . Johnny Farrell Drivers, Brassies and Spoons with aluminum heads . . . Miniature Golf • Clock Golf. Books on Golf

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THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

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and negotiate for the purchase of Mrs. Dix's entire wardrobe. He enclosed a pair of soiled stockings which he suggested could be worn by the rector's wife after the sale. This time Dr. Dix arose early, and so was able to fortify himself with sausages and wheatcakes before a rickety wagon, almost wholly occupied by a very fat woman and drawn by a forlorn little horse over whose back a small boy flapped the reins, rattled through Twenty-fifth Street and stopped before the parsonage. The fat woman descended by placing her hands upon the horse's haunches and oozing out of the wagon. Striding ponderously up the steps, she whanged the doorbell. When Dr. Dix appeared she shrilly demanded that the clothing be produced, shouting that whatever the clergyman had for sale was worthless and that she would lose money on it. Dr. Dix attempted to explain, but abandoned the task as hopeless when another woman, with a sack slung over her shoulder, rushed through the gate and elbowed the first caller away from the door, while down the street a terrific clatter announced the coming of three others, who dragged handcarts after them.

The rector retreated, slamming and barring his door, and the women settled down on the stoop to wait, convinced that Dr. Dix merely wanted to haggle. The old-clothes dealers continued to arrive throughout the morning, and by noon the lawn of the rectory was filled with the excited clamor of twenty-eight women and twelve fretful children, most of whom were fighting, while the tumult was increased by the yells and gibes of street gamins who lined the picket fence and flung stones at the visitors. Several neighbors who attempted to enter the rectory and console the distressed clergyman were set upon by the women, who insisted upon bargaining for the clothing upon their backs. When one man refused to sell his elegant cloak, it was torn from his shoulders. Dr. Dix finally called the police, and late in the afternoon the women and children were driven from the yard by a squad of patrolmen.

SCARCELY had the clatter of the carts and wagons died away than a carriage whirled around the corner from Fifth Avenue, raced through Twenty-fifth Street, and drew up in front of the rectory. One of the city's leading physicians leaped out

EXCEPTIONAL BUSINESS SUITS FOR EARLY SPRING USAGE.

FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND FORWARD

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE

FINCHLEY

Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

"... *because you love nice things*"

The Singlette **liberates body curves, emphasizes body slenderness. It serves for three or four of the undergarments formerly called indispensable. It *beautifies*—not blurs—your silhouette! A supply of Singlettes is the very first step in a lady's fastidious choice of Spring clothes. At good shops along the Avenue: $5 to $15 according to style and fabric.**

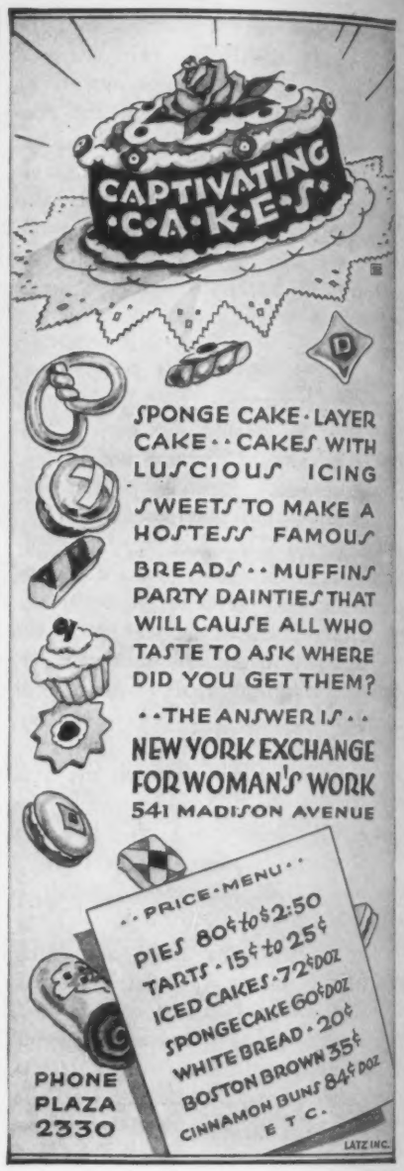
Style 9864 is photographed

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

VAN RAALTE CO., 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

and dashed into the house, only to emerge a few moments later very indignant. He had received an urgent call that Dr. Dix had gone into an epileptic fit and was dying. Similar messages had been left at the offices of some thirty other doctors, and it was after midnight when the last of them had come and gone. Dr. Dix slept fitfully that night, and before breakfast was awakened by a half-dozen shoemakers who had been notified to call at the rectory and measure some children for shoes, and before lunch at least fifty men and women who had advertised for work appeared. They had received notes advising them that jobs were to be had from Dr. Dix. The afternoon was quiet, except for a large influx of mail, but about dusk a score of the most prominent clergymen of New York presented themselves at the rectory, having received invitations, to which the rector's name had been forged, to dine with Dr. and Mrs. Dix and meet the Bishops of York and Exeter.

NEXT morning the business houses of Lord & Taylor, A. T. Stewart & Company, Stern Brothers, Arnold Constable & Company, and others, received curt letters, also supposedly signed by Dr. Dix, saying that the rector had turned their impertinent communications over to his lawyer for immediate legal action. Since no such communications, of course, had ever been written to Dr. Dix, officials of these firms were greatly excited, and hurriedly sent emissaries to the rectory to assure the clergyman of their undying respect and esteem. This trouble had scarcely been disposed of when Dr. Dix received a letter signed "Gentleman Joe," which said that the annoyances would cease if the rector would pay him a thousand dollars. Dr. Dix was instructed, if he was willing to make the payment, to publish in the *Herald* two days later a personal saying, "Gentleman Joe: All right." This letter offered the first clue to the identity of the tormentor and Dr. Dix promptly implored the aid of the Central Office, as the Detective Bureau was then called. The best minds of the police began to grapple with the problem, but none of the detectives knew anyone called Gentleman Joe. Upon their advice Dr. Dix inserted the advertisement as directed, but in the same issue of the paper were two others exactly similar to it, obviously


CAPTIVATING
C·A·K·E·S
SPONGE CAKE · LAYER CAKE · · CAKES WITH LUSCIOUS ICING
SWEETS TO MAKE A HOSTESS FAMOUS
BREADS · · MUFFINS PARTY DAINTIES THAT WILL CAUSE ALL WHO TASTE TO ASK WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?
· · THE ANSWER IS · ·
NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK
541 MADISON AVENUE
· · PRICE · MENU · ·
PIES 80¢ to $2.50
TARTS · 15¢ to 25¢
ICED CAKES · 72¢ DOZ
SPONGE CAKE 60¢ DOZ
WHITE BREAD · 20¢
BOSTON BROWN 35¢
CINNAMON BUNS 84¢ DOZ
ETC.
PHONE PLAZA 2330
LATZ INC.

EGO? NO—
BUT,

THE LOVIEST GIRLS
SNUGGIEST ROOM
DANCIEST MUSIC
EATINEST FOOD
SOFTIEST DRINKS

At the New

FRIVOLITY

7th AVENUE NEAR 50th ST.
Where Nightly After Theatre Appears
ARTHUR SWANSTROM'S
Dynamic Revue in Miniature
"PIPE DREAMS OF '29"
and the
TEDDY KING Orchestra
with RAY COVERT
The Unmasked Tenor
Phones Circle 0506-0543

Awaken Your Beauty

with the creations of Helena Rubinstein

STRAIGHT to you from the laboratories of the world's master beauty specialist come these marvelous beauty-builders—the creations of one who has roused the beauty consciousness of millions of women.

Unguents that erase the years from ageing faces, lotions that urge the skin to renew itself, washes that banish impurities at the first touch. Here is a scientific answer to every need and every mood of your skin.

For over thirty years the beauty creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN have been bringing beauty to women in every walk of life. These unequalled preparations have withstood the merciless test of Time—they are the only beauty preparations that have been in existence long enough to prove that youthful beauty can outlive a generation!

Awaken your beauty now—build greater beauty for tomorrow—with these modern miracle workers of Science! *You need the scientific certainty of* HELENA RUBINSTEIN!

A Complete Beauty Service

Helena Rubinstein offers you, through her Salons, the answer to your every beauty need. If you wish to know the subtle art of make-up—the "secret" of the tawny-gold skin so modish at the moment—if you wish instruction in the technique of home-treatments, you must visit Helena Rubinstein's Salon. You are most cordially welcome always for advice, professional treatments, or both.

The Hair Departments of the New York and Chicago Salons are becoming increasingly popular. They specialize in scientific scalp treatments and in hairdressing which smartly expresses the individual.

To Emphasize Your Beauty

Water Lily Foundation—wonderfully becoming. Makes powder doubly lasting, 2.00, 4.00.

Valaze Poudre Enchanté—the powder masterpiece, 3.00, in chic silver box; 10.00 in the luxurious Chinese Temple box. Other Valaze Powders, 1.50 to 7.50.

Valaze Rouge—not only flattering but protective. Red Raspberry for day. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative shade, 1.00 to 5.00.

Valaze Indelible Lipsticks—Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry for daytime, and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby, 1.25.

Enhance your eyes with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), 1.00.

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He coughed ...the Villain!

and the love scene had to be taken all over!

MADGE BELLAMY
. . . Beautiful Fox star in her latest release, "Mother Knows Best."

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Madge Bellamy explains the growing popularity of Old Golds in Hollywood

"The 'hero' in a movie may easily become the 'villain' if he coughs at the wrong time. A cough isn't nice, but when it interrupts the taking of a movie scene, it's a calamity! The high tension of movie work makes smoking a vital relaxation. But we relax with OLD GOLDS. They're as smooth as the polished manner of Adolphe Menjou, who himself is an OLD GOLD fan. While they're the most enjoyable of cigarettes, OLD GOLDS mean absolute 'fade-out' for throat-scratch and smoker's cough."

(SIGNED) Madge Bellamy

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . .Mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

On your Radio . . . OLD GOLD — PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

published by the persecutor. Gentleman Joe paid no attention to Dr. Dix's personal, but for the next few days he let the rector alone and turned his attention to a dozen other prominent citizens, all devout church members and temperance workers, to whom he sent tart and threatening letters signed with the names of disreputable saloonkeepers and demanding payment of long-overdue bills for beer and whiskey. These insulting missives were given to lawyers, who collected many fat retainers before the letters were found to be bogus.

ON March 17, 1880, Dr. Dix received another letter from Gentleman Joe, who said that unless fifteen hundred dollars were sent to a designated place, the rectory would again be besieged on the following Friday. Detectives took possession of the house on that day, and the clergyman locked himself in his office and refused to see anyone but members of his family. Early in the morning a lawyer came to the rectory with a letter to which Mrs. Dix's name had been forged, and which said that she wished to consult with him about a divorce. Twenty other lawyers, bearing exactly similar missives, called during the day, as well as an agent for a steamship line, with two tickets to Havana, and a score of persons who, having advertised for lost or stolen property, had been notified that their belongings were being held for them at the rectory. During the next three days at least a hundred persons appeared in response to summonses of various sorts, and about a week later an indignant stranger forced his way into the rectory, accused the astonished Dr. Dix of being too friendly with his wife, and threatened to cane the clergyman

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You may decide on one of the interesting new etched patterns that add character and elegance to the glass. Fostoria designs are created to harmonize with the more formal mode now accepted as smartest. There are patterns which are at home in rooms of every period and create charming ensembles with silver and linen of all types. . . . You may prefer the mysterious charm of the clear glass, with its scintillating shadows and elusive lights.

For a tea-table that is entirely enchanting choose a Fostoria service. You will not find it expensive.

This little label appears on all genuine Fostoria. . . . The dinnerware is absolutely practicable for serving hot food. . . . Fostoria is made in Azure, Dawn, Green, Amber and Topaz, a remarkable new Yellow. All colors are constant. At any time you can match them exactly. . . . Pieces may be purchased separately or sets made up as you desire. Fostoria is sold in fine stores in New York and throughout the country. . . . Complete dinner-services with matching stemware. . . . For "The New Little Book About Glassware" (free) address The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. N-3, Moundsville, W. Va.

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Biarritz and the Pyrenees for Easter... then follow spring to the gay northern beaches!

If you're the man of average means, you'll find you're rich... in France ....To travel, to be amused, to entertain, to get the cosmopolitan viewpoint you've always wanted... how little it needs to cost!...The gayety of Biarritz at Easter with the long waves flashing in the sun... it isn't reserved for millionaires... it's *yours*.... Pau with its solid gold climate and its frieze of diamond mountains offers you health... financially and physically both.... Corsica sits in the blue Mediterranean under a cloudless sky ...and when you get tired of Napoleon, here's where you catch your trout.... Later on in the spring you can run up to LeTouquet...and even if the Prince of Wales is there the price won't keep you out.... LaBaule provides you weekends with a gay Parisian crowd ....Everywhere you go...for pleasure, culture, rest or just because the whim takes you... you're pleasantly surprised to find how far a dollar stretches.

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unless he immediately made a public apology. Next day the rector received a letter from Gentleman Joe saying that he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit, and boasting of his ability as an actor.

THE police made extraordinary efforts to capture Dr. Dix's persecutor, assigning every detective on the force to the case and invoking the aid of the Post Office. Gentleman Joe had gone to the expense of procuring stationery engraved with "Trinity Parsonage, 27 West Twenty-fifth Street," but the printer could not be found; and the police also failed when detectives were stationed at mail boxes throughout the city to open the receptacles, whenever a letter was mailed, and compare the handwriting with that known to be Gentleman Joe's. But it was not until a clergyman of another denomination happened to see a former Trinity Sunday-school teacher on the street and mentioned the fact to Dr. Dix, that the police finally pounced on the rascal's trail. This man, who rejoiced in the elegant cognomen of Edward Eugene Fairfax Williamson, had been expelled from Trinity when, having been unmasked as a person of low character, he scorned reformation and boasted of his amorous experiences in Turkey and other eastern countries. Believing that spite might lie behind the persecution of the minister, the police immediately began a search for Williamson, and presently found a card in the Post Office upon which he had written a request that his mail be forwarded to the Hotel Windsor, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. The handwriting was the same as that of the letters signed "Gentleman Joe." The detectives went to the Windsor, where they were told that Williamson had left for Baltimore. He was traced to Barnum's Hotel in that city, and thence to a private boarding-house, where he was arrested.

Williamson readily admitted that he had annoyed Dr. Dix, but maintained that he had not been impelled by any personal animus but solely by a craving for amusement. He had selected the rector of Trinity as a victim because of his importance as a citizen. Williamson was taken to New York and tried on a charge of attempting to blackmail the Rev. Dr. Dix as well as of wrongfully accusing the clergyman of what modern journalism blushingly refers to as a "statutory offence." He was convicted

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2 to 4 Room Suites in the Addition
Furnished or Unfurnished
at Attractive Rentals
Same Management as The Plaza

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*on Broadway . . .

"And now she's the sensation of London."

"You mean Helen Ford, of course."

"Yes—in *The Patsy*. No wonder she's going over great in London. Remember how many times we went to see her in *Dearest Enemy?*"

"And she was a winner in *Peggy Ann*, too. And a wow in *Chee Chee*. No matter *what* show she's in, *she* walks off with the marbles."

"Since I'm not swimming over to England this week, I hope she gets back to New York toota sweet."

"She's such a grand treat even to *look* at."

"Gorgeous girl—"

HELEN FORD, like all actresses who must appear nightly behind the footlights, must take special care to keep her skin always lovely.

She says: *"I have never found outside of France so perfectly satisfactory a soap as Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so velvety smooth."*

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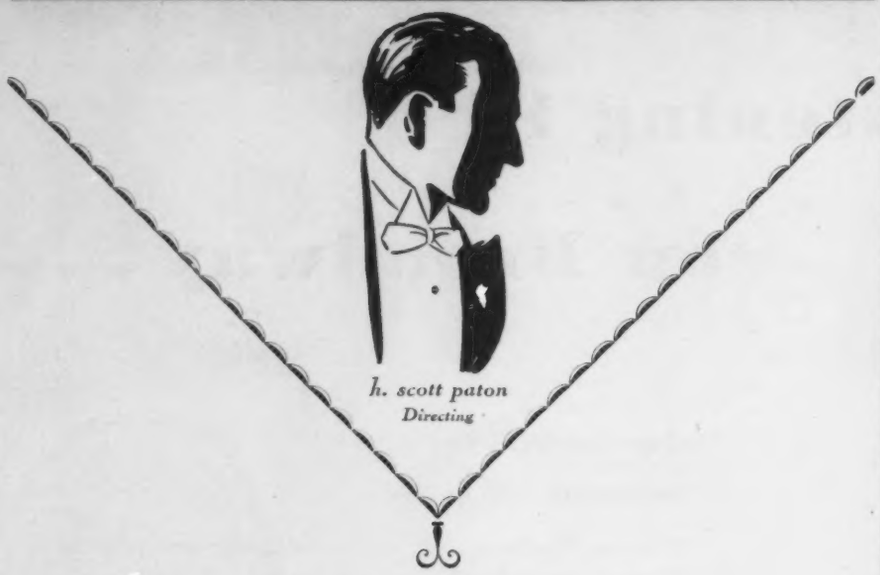

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and sentenced to Sing Sing prison, where he died.

GENTLEMAN JOE first swam into the ken of the police in 1868, when he travelled extensively in Europe and was involved in several minor crimes. In 1870 he came to New York, where he lived for two years, becoming a teacher in Trinity Sunday school. During this time he moved in good society and, indeed, became well known in literary circles, publishing considerable poetry and producing a play which was well received. However, it was later discovered that these works had been written by a nun in a New Orleans convent, though it was never known how Gentleman Joe obtained them. His only disclosed criminal exploit during this period was the theft of a quantity of gold pens, stationery, and other small articles from a shop opposite the Gilsey House, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street.

After his expulsion from Trinity Sunday school Gentleman Joe returned to Europe, and was next heard of when he was sent to Newgate Prison to serve a year for tormenting a Hebrew gentleman in London, in much the same fashion as he later persecuted Dr. Dix. Upon his release from Newgate in 1875, he came back to the United States and lived in Pittsburgh for several years, swindling a few jewelry firms out of small amounts. He then came to New York and began annoying Dr. Dix. The police always regarded him as a very mysterious person, and suspected that he was the ne'er-do-well younger son of a prominent English family, and received remittances from his relatives. Apparently he had devoted his life to the commission of small crimes, not for the purpose of gain, but simply to amuse himself. His most pronounced characteristics while leading a comparatively honest life in New York were a fondness for notoriety and sensation, and a great delight in writing letters. Of this last exercise he must have been very fond, indeed, for during his persecution of Dr. Dix he penned more than three hundred, all elegantly phrased and displaying considerable education. —HERBERT ASBURY

•

What Could Be Nicer on a Cold Day Than a Warm Comfortable Street Car?
—Sign in a Staten Island trolley.

You took the words right out of our mouth.

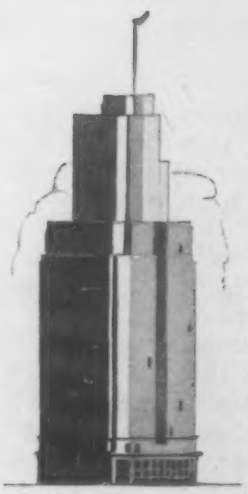
"Gin'ral Motors, do ye say, Hortense?"

"It is thot. An' bein' ye ar' new here, I wud have ye mind thim loovely caarpets."

"It's quiet they ar', to be sure."

"Quiet! Gor', ye don't even know ye ar' comin' till ye ar' there!"

✣ ✣ ✣



HORTENSE is right, of course. They *are* quiet, these yards and yards of Mohawk carpet laid in the General Motors offices, 57th and Broadway. And how they do make for concentration and office efficiency in this city of cacophony!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

"THE BLACK CROOK"

AN ancient of my acquaintance, who had grown up in the era of hoopskirts, once told me, with a kind of retroactive resentment, that he had been almost old enough to shave before he learned that, after all, women were not solidly constructed below the waist-line, like the wooden dames he had become attached to in his Noah's Ark set. It is quite possible that the blinding revelation came to him at last through the agreeable instruction in anatomy one received from "The Black Crook," which now, after sixty years, is scheduled for revival in Hoboken.

It is to be brought to light at the renovated Lyric, a fine, battered old playhouse, recently scrubbed clean by Brother Morley and his co-workers. For, like K. & E., the Messrs. Shubert and the Theatre Guild before them, those Hoboken impresarios are giving way to an old passion to make two theatres grow where one grew before. The Lyric has thirteen hundred and twenty-eight seats, of which a specially constructed one on the aisle downstairs is at least half again as large as any of the others. You can imagine the pucker of frustration on the face of one ample playgoer when he found that this seat had already been snapped up for the opening performance by one of the natives—some person in trade, I believe.

IT was primarily because it was the first leg show, a ballet of foreign hussies disporting themselves in tights in an age when women wore crinolines, that "The Black Crook" ran for four hundred and seventy-five performances in its first engagement at Niblo's Garden.

The first performance was on September 12, 1866, quite a time ago, as the sands run. Ristori arrived in New York that week, and down at the Olympic Mr. Jefferson was appearing in a novelty called "Rip Van Winkle, or the Sleep of Twenty Years." In Washington, Andrew Johnson sat uneasy on the edge of the seat made vacant by the murder of Mr. Lincoln the year before. In Mexico, poor Carlotta was packing her trunks for a last magnificent gesture, to be cut short a few weeks later by the fall of the curtain of madness which kept her hidden behind the scenes for sixty years. Then the cables from Europe were humming with the news that Bismarck had gobbled up Schleswig-Holstein, whereat many Americans went about saying that the Prussians were certainly a great little people.

It was, you see, quite a long time ago. Yet, if you glance over the Chicago *Tribune* for that week, you do feel as though nothing had happened in the interval. "Crime and bloodshed," that journal lamented, "are rampant in the city and 'one doth tread upon another's heels.'"

But with "The Black Crook" launched at Niblo's, our own New York *Herald* had no time for such minor Chicago disorders. Said the *Herald* with simple earnestness:

> Nothing has been witnessed in the theatre in modern times so indecent as this spectacle. We can imagine there might have been in Sodom and Gomorrah such another place and scene, such a theatre and spectacle on the Broadway of those doomed cities just before fire and brimstone rained down upon them and they were buried in ruins.

At which gentle hint the stampede to the box office at Niblo's Garden redoubled in fury and the insiders winked one at another, knowing full well that the elder Bennett was merely trying to help the manager at Niblo's, just as there was a mighty winking in this town a half a century later when, to the thinly masked delight of Morris Gest, the late Alan Dale was so obliging as to blush conspicuously at "Aphrodite."

BUT the *Herald's* crusade was soon echoed from the pulpits, particularly in the Cooper Institute harangues of the Reverend Charles B. Smythe, who appears to have been a blend of our John Roach Straton and our John S. Sumner, preserving the worst features of both. The first thing that struck the Smythe eye, you may be sure, was the chorus with their close-fitting bodices, their flesh-colored tights, their brief, fluttering gauze skirts. It was bad enough when they pointed their toes toward the audience. It was worse when danseur and danseuse came together in attitudes suggestive to the reverend doctor's imagination of ancient heathen orgies he had read about. Then there was that scene where a suitor besought a fair one to retire with him to a room in the castle. "Dare I trust myself with you?" she asked, with sly, sidelong glances. "We women are such weak, silly creatures."

"Then," roared the doctor at Cooper Institute, "there follows a scene which for indecency beggars description, in which she falls into his arm, he makes an impression on her cheek, and then, with his arm around her, retires from the stage. Later in the evening the same pair appear again upon the stage, still unmarried, enacting another vulgar scene. Toward the end they appear again, the performance so far having left a marriage between them to be inferred, if you please, yet they discourse with each other with a coarseness and familiarity that would be unbecoming in a married couple."

And so on and so on. Even from so *ex parte* an account of "The Black Crook," one may gather that Mr. Ziegfeld would have regarded its ballet as overdressed, and that it was altogether about as indecorous a spectacle as many a one over which the dowagers and the old beaux of our own time doze nightly at the Metropolitan, while the distracted Mr. Sumner takes no notice, but bustles off down the street to arrest the publishers of "The Well of Loneliness."

Indeed it is worth while pausing from time to time to examine the relics of such forgotten agitations, if only as a fresh reminder that shudders are as much a matter of fashion as sleeves and slang. But when the aforesaid culprits who published the unhappy Radclyffe Hall's novel go into the dock for trial this spring, it will, I suppose, be chill comfort for them to reflect that, twenty-five years hence, "The Well of Loneliness" will seem an entirely acceptable novel, even in the eyes of whatever curiously compounded little boy, now roaming unsuspected in our schoolyards, will by then have succeeded to the mantle of Mr. Sumner.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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ENTHUSIASM is running high! Everywhere you hear, "have you tried the airplane feel of the new Franklin?" Those who have experienced this amazing new-type performance agree that the air-cooled motoring of the new Franklin—with its greater power, faster acceleration, ability to maintain high speeds continuously, greater efficiency and complete reliability—is the most forward step in motor car travel since Franklin introduced the first six-cylinder automobile engine.

Today—with the magnificent beauty, the luxurious interiors, the restful comfort and thrilling performance of Franklin—the sensational low prices have established new fine-car standards which are revising all previous conceptions of motor car value. See these astonishing, new cars—then if you will take one ride you will have a new appreciation of quality-car ownership—you will know the unique *airplane feel* of driving the brilliant Franklin.

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THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

HOCKEY

Points and Playoffs—Practice at Bear Mountain—How a Game Was Won on a Train

THE electric scoreboard in the Garden upon which, on hockey nights, the standing of the clubs is shown in little red letters does not always indicate the abilities of the teams listed. No point score is given, and the casual spectator, unless he follows hockey pretty closely, may not know that the club apparently ahead may be holding its lead by a scant point whereas some other team further down the list is a more formidable element in the situation. Lately Boston and Toronto, gathering speed while the others lost games, looked like good bets for the Stanley Cup series, though Boston ranked second and Toronto only third in their respective groups. The Montreal Maroons, the heaviest and one of the hardest-fighting teams in the league, and the Rangers and the Canadiens, leading their divisions and outclassing all others as far as speed is concerned, slumped a little and showed signs of being tired.

It is natural for a light fast team to slow up at this time of year. Flashy wingmen begin to feel the effects of being knocked around all season by heavier opponents. A team with a big squad like Boston, carrying enough spares to relieve the regulars of strain and let them rest up when they get hurt, has such an important advantage that Ross, the Boston coach, was not worried by the attempts of every opposing team to lay out his star defenceman, Eddie Shore. As for Shore, he has been controlling his temper as though he realized that the savage and sometimes penalized attacks upon his person were merely awkward compliments to his ability.

TOM GORMAN took the Americans up to Bear Mountain for a few days' practice. Why a team that has been playing successful hockey three or four nights a week all season should need practice might puzzle an uninitiated person, but Gorman had them work two hours a day. After a drive up the west bank of the Hudson I found the whole squad stepping at top speed in the outdoor artificial rink behind the Bear Mountain Inn. It was chilly in the rink, but the hillside was thawing and the toboggan-run, crowded with excursionists a few days before, was merely a dark streak on the smoking, brown ground.

When practice was over the Americans had their showers and came down to supper in the Inn. Always a dressy

team, they wore plaid business suits as though they were in the city; many of them smoked pipes. Some played rummy after supper and others sat in the window looking out at a line of

lights that was Bear Mountain Bridge and at the bulk of the big hills sheltering a bay-like elbow of the hidden river.

LESTER PATRICK is apt to substitute blackboard talks for practice on the ice in the difficult weeks just before the playoffs. Patrick has coached teams through a great many playoffs —I doubt whether he can remember exactly how many. He is famous for his knack of using to his own advantage the mental tension that always goes with an important series; it is said that as a coach he won his first playoff on a train going from Regina, Saskatchewan, to Vancouver.

The game was the second of a final series between the Regina Capitals and the Vancouver Maroons for the championship of the Western Canadian League. They had already played a game in Regina in which Patrick's Maroons had been beaten, 3–0. Both teams left on the same train to play in Vancouver. Excitement in the towns they passed through ran as high as it does here for a world's baseball series. In towns along the route—Moosejaw, Edmonton—the teams' coaches were called onto the back platform to make speeches. Patrick always said the same thing. He felt it an honor to play against a team as fine as the Regina Capitals. He knew his own team was outclassed. In Regina they had been playing seven-man hockey. In Vancouver they would play the new, six-man hockey which the Cap-

TRAVEL COATS

. . . that are also top form for town!

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To GENTLEMEN

who occasionally want to kick the cat

It usually isn't any antipathy to Tabby's furry innocence... it's just that you're out of sorts... brain groggy... nerves jumpy ... every man has had such days. Possibly you're smoking the wrong cigars. Try MURIELS... they'll fetch you up at the end of the day with a smile as sweet as a baby's. For MURIELS gratify the smoke appetite ... yet *soothe* the nerves and *smooth* the temper. Try MURIELS and you'll stick.

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ROTHSCHILDS ..... 10¢
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itals had been using all season, but which the Maroons had never tried. Patrick said that his team would learn its lesson from able teachers; next year, he hoped, they would give the Capitals the competition so great a team deserved.

All the Maroon players echoed their coach's sentiments. To get to the dining-car they had to pass through the car occupied by the Capitals; they always stopped to chat for a while, expressing their own lack of confidence and their admiration for their rivals. Before the trip was over the Capitals felt that the game was won and when they got to Vancouver they gave a party in anticipation of their victory. Patrick's team won the game and, eventually, the series, and came east to play Ottawa for the Stanley Cup.

—N. B., Jr.

•

GLIMPSES OF THE MAGNIFICENT

PADEREWSKI

A kindly-looking man
With a military bearing
Climbs to Parnassus
With his fingers
On an ivory ladder.

HOFFMAN

Bored and a little embarrassed,
The tired professor
Seeks his escape
In an orgy of Chopin.

RACHMANINOFF

An escaped convict,
Ashen with prison's pallor,
Hunches over a keyboard;
He carries the crowds to the clouds,
Then brings them back again
When they insist he play
The C-Sharp Minor Prelude.

GABRILOWITSCH

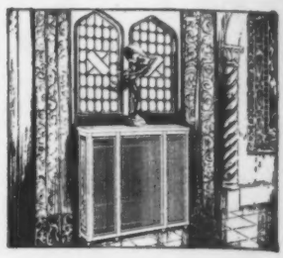
Dominating his instrument
With imperial grandeur,
He looks mightier
Than his medium
—And is.

HOROWITZ

A young wolf
Pounces on his prey
Viciously
And brings from it,
Instead of shrieks and howls,
A marvellous music
That goes coursing down time.

—DON MUIR STROUSE

Are they under cover?



No, No, we mean your radiators. They're not? Then you are simply out of the running. A pity, when it's so easy to correct this social blunder with certainty of the last degree of correctness—with custom built Trico Radiator Furniture. You simply

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TRICO

RADIATOR FURNITURE COMPANY
420 Lexington Avenue

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the ***London***

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Tailored-to-measure or ready-for-wear
$53 to $65

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue
Entrance 46th St.

He *shut out* the roar of the Street ... but he *shut in* a more deadly din

There has been a great awakening in American Business to the devastating cost of noise.

NOISE, as an enemy to business achievement. NOISE, as a cause of nervous breakdown and mental fatigue. NOISE, as a companion of office chaos and disorder.

Millions are being spent in office building construction to shut out the thunder of the street by insulating the office walls and ceilings. But in closing out the noisy distractions of the outside world, many business men are overlooking the vital importance of suppressing the noise *manufactured right within the office itself!*

The biggest factor in creating office noise is typewriter clatter. For the typewriter regulates the pitch of the office. The one complete and lasting remedy for typewriter clatter is the REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriter.

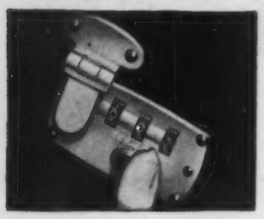
No Typewriter is truly noiseless except the REMINGTON. If you would prove that for yourself, let us send you a REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriter (or a battery of them), for a free and thorough "try out" in your office.

Phone or address REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE INC., Typewriter Division, 374 Broadway, N. Y. C. Phone WORth 7500.

Remington *Noiseless* TYPEWRITER

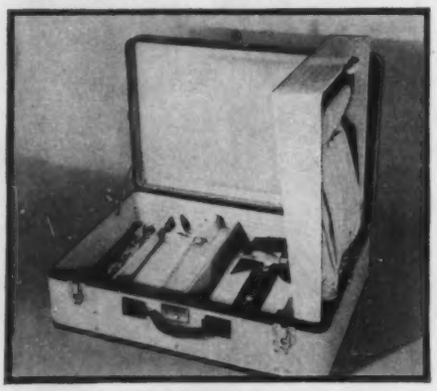
It takes the *Bedlam* out of Business

What Is



Smart Luggage?

A Sesamee lock is the badge of smart luggage . . . These modern locks that need no key open by a flick of wheels to a private combination . . . (You choose and set it yourself, choosing an address or phone number, perhaps) . . . The ultimate in protection to lovely possessions or valuable papers. ¶ Also sale of hand bags—20% off.



Wheary Wardrobe Bag, **a 30" case which holds your 34" suit without wrinkling, and a good many other things as well. Equipped with Sesamee lock. In genuine cowhide—russet, brown, or black, $70 . . . Of Dupont Fabrikoid bound with cowhide, with washable lining, as illustrated $36**

Migrator Wardrobe Fitted Case. **The complete set of fittings comes in one removable compartment which fits compactly into the lid . . . Another removable compartment for shoes, hanger to accommodate dresses and large packing space. In genuine cowhide fitted with Sesamee lock, 24" length $70**

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE

WITH THE NEW KEYLESS LOCK

SESAMEE

369 Madison Ave.—in the Roosevelt Hotel

PRESS AGENTS I HAVE KNOWN

THE little fellow climbed upon my lap and tugged me gently by the beard. "Tell me, grandfather," he said, "about your first press agent."

I gazed into the fire. Unknowingly, the child had touched a tender spot. It had been years since I even thought of the affair. But now something within me stirred. My whole body seemed on fire. I seemed to catch a faint odor of hyacinth. Ah, youth! Those moonlit nights! Those first interviews! Those passionate scenes! Those notes! Those notes—

(From the Spokane *Spokesman*)

Groucho Marx, a member of the Four Marx Brothers, spends his spare time collecting pipes. He now has 762 pipes of all sizes and varieties. When asked about his hobby, Mr. Marx said slyly, with a twinkle in his eye, "Yes, I collect pipes. Let me show you a rare piece of lead pipe."

I claim to be an authority on press agents. As soon as I have finished my present opus, "My Fifty Years on the American Stage," or, "From Weber and Fields to an Institution," I intend to write the long-awaited work, "Press Agents I Have Known, or Regretted." These few notes will constitute my introduction:

First of all, there is the stunt press agent. The fellow who pops into your dressing-room, all smiles, and says, "What are you doing tomorrow afternoon?"

"Fixing the coil on my still," I say, all hope abandoned.

"Oh, no, you're not," he insists cheerily. "You're going to sit on top of the flagpole on the Paramount Building with a sign on your back: 'Hello Mars! The Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" send greetings.'"

"But my lumbago—"

"It's all arranged. I'm going to have fourteen reporters, a flock of cameramen and the ship-news reporters. What a break it'll be! It'll go all over the world! For the good of the show!"

That always gets me. I don't know why it should after all these years, but it does. . . . After I get vertigo reaching the top of the Paramount Building, I find that the reporters have been called away to cover a big fire and the flock of cameramen consists of two disagreeable little fellows who seem quite bored with the whole proceeding.

"Climb a little higher," they tell me. "Can't you do better than that? —this will make a terrible picture."

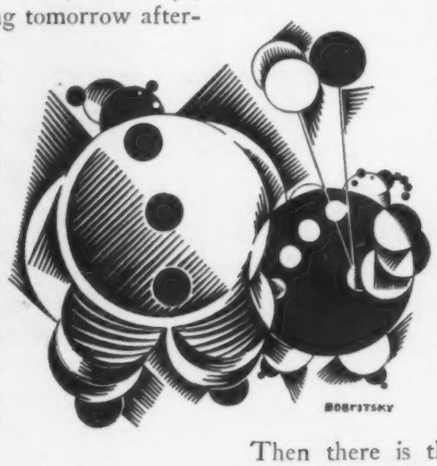
They probably figure that if I climb any higher they won't have to use their plates at all. They are right about one thing. It makes a terrible picture. Two weeks later, the press agent comes bounding into the dressing-room, waving the evidence of his genius. The picture is published on page 34 of *The Billboard*. That's the way it goes all over the world. The caption reads:

CLIMBS FLAGPOLE

G. Merks, of the Three Merks Brothers, vaudeville acrobats, climbed the Paramount flagpole last month to pay an election bet.

LET'S consider another species—the press agent who keeps phoning you: "Wait until you see what I have to show you! Articles in seven newspapers and each one different!"

They are. He finally struts around to show you the stories. The first one starts: "*Les frères Marx, maintenant—*" (That's all I can read —it's in the Paris *Matin*.) The next article begins: "*Die Marx Brüder,*" and is in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. You get the idea—he gets us swell publicity in some of the world's greatest newspapers, including the Stockholm *Svenborgen*, the Portugal *Estrada*, and the Riga *Raschgitov*. Nice little articles for the scrapbook, to read before the fire some rainy night.



Then there is the highbrow press agent who spends weeks interviewing me. He corners me for hours at a stretch to ask me such questions as, "But, Mr. Marx, don't you feel that Pinero was undoubtedly influenced by Aeschylus?" I'm all a-twitter when he tells me he has placed the interview. It finally appears in the *Dial*, which comes out once a month and is great for business.

Then there is the fellow who has been a circus press agent and can't

SURRENDER OF THE MICROCOCCI

Carthage, Troy, Yorktown, Appomattox — famous surrenders that cannot even be compared to the daily surrenders of the clan of Cocci. No longer must we submit to the annual ravages of micrococcus aureus and streptococcus hemolyticus. Colds are giving way to Vapex.

Vapex is new in its nature and in its method of use. Put a drop on a folded handkerchief. Breathe the vapor deeply through the nose. Your cold is relieved immediately. There is no bother, no dosing to Vapex. The odor is pleasant and refreshing. It may be used as often as wished, no matter what you are doing or where you are. Vapex will stop a cold at the start.

A drop on both ends of your pillow at night will fight the cold while you sleep. This method is of great help to mothers in treating the children's colds.

Discovered in England in the midst of the war-time influenza epidemic, Vapex came into immediate use and has steadily gained greater and greater popularity in England and America. Many have made it a practice, now with colds and epidemics prevalent, to use Vapex daily. It will help to ward off contagion.

Get a bottle of Vapex from your druggist—fifty treatments in every dollar bottle. It is distributed in the United States by E. Fougera & Co., Inc., New York City.

Insist on the genuine Vapex in the little square bottle and the package with the green triangle. . . . It may be expensive to experiment with an imitation!

"LE DANDY"

d'Orsay
le parfum mondain le plus subtil
17 rue de la paix·paris

SING HO ⚓ ..... *for the bounding main*

But for those who enjoy their sea vicariously—for verandah yachtsmen and pent house pilots—here is a gastronomical treasure trove: *Oysters au Parmesan.* All hands to the galley, now, and try it! The secret of the flavor is Guasti Cooking Sherry—now available at leading grocers. And send for our new-idea recipe book, "Treasured Flavors". Free! Address Dept. 516.

Oysters au Parmesan a la Guasti

½ cup butter; 1 cup brown bread crumbs; 1 pint oysters; chopped parsley; pepper; ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese; ½ cup Guasti Cooking Sherry. Butter shallow casserole. Melt remaining butter and mix with bread crumbs. Place thin layer of crumbs in bottom of dish, cover with oysters (that are free from grit); sprinkle with pepper, cheese and parsley. Repeat and cover top with crumbs. Pour in Guasti Cooking Sherry and bake in quick oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes. Four or five servings.

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO.
(Operating largest vineyard in the world)
11 Hubert Street, New York City
Other Offices:
Los Angeles, Chicago, New Orleans

GUASTI Cooking (PRONOUNCED Gwah-stee) SHERRY (SALTED)
(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H. 10033)

forget his early training. He's a dangerous character. No weather is too bad for him to lead you out to Central Park to be photographed with the animals. After risking my life trying to appear as if I were teaching a hippopotamus to sing (the press agent cleverly gets the hippopotamus to open his mouth by holding out a frankfurter—from the other side of the fence), the animal always gets the credit. The picture appears with the hippopotamus covering seven-eighths of the space and my picture looking like the frankfurter. And the caption reads:

CHARLIE, CENTRAL PARK HIPPO, RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS THIRD BIRTHDAY. Picture shows Charlie receiving the best wishes from one of his admirers, a well-known Broadway hoofer.

And then there is the press agent who *schmeichels* you into doing his work. "Mr. Marx, I could get stories about you in any paper in New York, but I know perfectly well I can't write as well as you can. So why don't you dash off one of your brilliant articles for the *Times*, a clever autobiography for the *Sun*, and one of your screamingly funny pieces for the *American*. I'll take them around myself to make sure they get in."

Then the press agent who never gets you in the papers unless you play at least three benefits a week and appear at the opening of a new butcher shop to throw out the first chop.

And the press agent who gets you all steamed up about the story he landed for you in the *Tribune*.

"What's it like?" you ask, all agog.

"Wait till you see it."

He finally sends you a copy. The story runs like this:

Among those present at the dance of the Mayfair Club at the Ritz on Satur-

•

day night were Eddie Cantor, Mary Eaton, Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, Walter Woolf, Peaches Browning, Ethel Barrymore, Will Rogers, Lenore Ulric, Alice Brady, Katharine Cornell, Tammany Young and one of the Marx Brothers.

I mustn't forget the press agent who gets such wonderful publicity for himself. After getting me all on edge about the interview he has landed, I buy a paper and read the following:

AN INTERVIEW WITH GROUCHO MARX
BY ALAN J. WURTZBURGER

I'll admit that I was terribly excited when I knocked on Mr. Marx's door, ready to interview him. My heart pounded rapidly. Then I recalled the time I interviewed Otis Skinner, my *tête-à-tête* with Pavlowa and my heart-to-heart talk with Doug Fairbanks.

So I walked boldly in. Mr. Marx received me cordially and after asking me to sit down, admired my cravat. "I always wear that tie when I'm interviewing a celebrity," I told him, to make him feel at ease. "I'll tell you an interesting story about that cravat—"

And so on for two columns about that fascinating fellow, Alan J. Wurtzburger.

ALL these varieties of press agents are pretty bad, but the fellow I had last spring was positively vicious. He used to drop into my dressing-room, smoke my cigars, and spend his time, not in interviewing me, but giving me advice on the market. The only things worse than my cigars were his tips. He was the reason I had to spend the summer delighting audiences in motion-picture houses.

Maybe I'm unduly hopeful, but I'm still looking for a press agent who will get me some publicity without making me roller-skate down Broadway to demonstrate that STAGE STAR SOLVES TRAFFIC PROBLEM BY SKATING TO THEATRE. I want a press agent like Hoover's got. Look at the stuff that chap landed for Hoover during the election. And I'll bet Hoover didn't climb any flagpoles either. —GROUCHO MARX

•

CINCINNATI PRESERVES AN AMENITY

[*Editorial in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*]

Thus are the amenities happily preserved and merit proportionately distributed in a pleasing exchange of courtesies with a cordiality in fellowship for municipal prestige that mutually is appreciative of recent progression and assuring forecast of continued advancement in municipal achievement.

DOBBS

THE FLECKED TWEED SUIT

From Dobbs Distinguished SPRING COLLECTION

for Women and Misses

TWEED—the infallible choice of the woman of fashion, finds charming expression this season in Dobbs bright tweed suits. The jersey blouse is in a blending tone and the seven-eighths length coat may be the basis of many smart costumes. In rose, blue, beige, or green. Also Oxford and navy.

$85

The pert little turn-up brim of Dobbs Lightweight felt hat, is cleverly cut to reveal the all silk belting trim. In a host of colors and all sizes.

$17.50

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

BETWEEN the time of going to press and that when you rush panting to the mailman or to the newsstand with a glad cry there are often rather abrupt gaps. This is one of the most serious of them. For, in this particular interval, eight of the grandest of the *grands couturiers* will have deposited their contributions on the pier; their ideas will have adorned the backs of mannequins in fashion shows all over town, and have been rushed to the copyists. All you up-to-date women will have seen the selections from your favorite Paris designer at Lord & Taylor or Bergdorf or elsewhere by the time you read this.

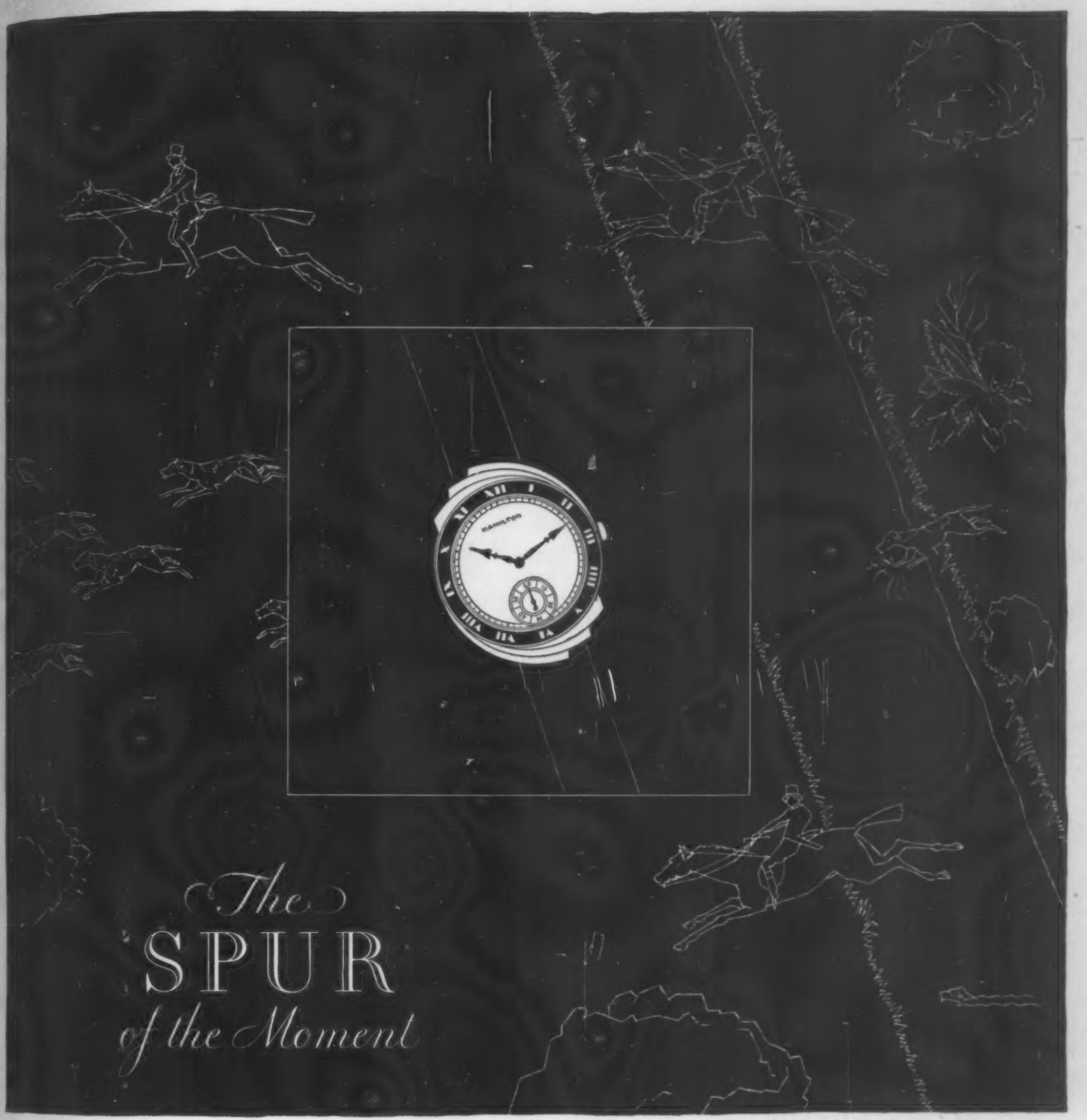
AMONG the first arrivals are some really elegant clothes that are, as yet, impossible to classify from a Great Trend point of view.

Jane Régny, for instance, is well represented at Franklin Simon. She it is who does the sports type of thing that changes very little from season to season save in the matter of odd materials and details. You can see a four-piece suit, the skirt and three-quarter coat of imported tweed, the sleeveless sweater knitted to match the tweed design, the blouse of shantung (every designer is doing things with shantung for town as well as for country). One three-piece of blue angora kasha has the kasha applied on the tweed-knit sweater. There are also two dresses of that lustreless sports silk they call end-to-end—one of beige, with diagonal strips restraining the vertical pleats, and having a red silk scarf; the other having a full, gathered skirt and a girlish vestee front. There is a knockout costume of a very loose knitted fabric in yellow gray, the dress having applications from a low waistline in back that ascend to an Empire waistline in front. Below this, the skirt is very circular, and the coat above it has a sash that ties in the nonchalant manner of a man's dressing-gown. Difficult to wear without looking sloppy, but marvellous on an extremely chic woman. People with less than Irene Castle dash, however, may be consoled with a model entitled Hyde Park, having a chocolate-brown skirt, sleeveless jacket, and sleeveful sweater, the body of the sweater having vague white horizontal stripes here and there like the attached scarf. Régny has introduced a color called *première feuille*, the color of the first bursting and somewhat jaundiced leaf, and a superb raincoat of sailcloth with diagonal black stitching. Look over the collection with the remembrance that, on country houseparties in spring, the young man's fancy can be turned in your direction instead of another's.

The very high waistline for tailored things also appears in an interesting coat-dress from Miler Soeurs, the effect being achieved by two buttoned tabs in front. And, for shantungs, look at a Rochas suit and a Germaine Lacomte tennis dress.

THE new customs-order department at Jay-Thorpe, under the

"She's been an awfully good mother to us, just the same."



More than a mere miracle of exquisite workmanship. A definite *flair* for the modern — that has not lost its sense of dignity. The "Spur"—a new strap watch by Hamilton — sharing its uncanny accuracy only with pocket watches of "Railroad Accuracy" created by the same makers. This 19-jewel Hamilton is available in 14k yellow or white gold at $125. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

THE HAMILTON WATCH IS AN AMERICAN WATCH

Once again . . .

"CHARLES WALNUT" has created an exquisite design . . . the lacy, hand-knit ivory silk chenille sweater suit shown above.

This can be had in all the new spring colors. Lovely for either "Madame" or "Mademoiselle."

. . .

Made to your order—priced at
Seventy-five Dollars

CHARLES WALNUT

72 West 50th Street . . New York
Telephone: Circle 0657
Madame Polouektoff, Manager
New York Philadelphia

expert chaperonage of Harry Lichtenstein, opened with a bang last week, with the maestro guaranteeing as careful fitting and workmanship for your individual dress as has already been shown in the choice of models. Among the evening clothes, I was attracted by a slinky affair of ciré large-mesh tulle, with shoulder straps, fullness, and added length on each side, and a snaky appearance in general. To my mind, much more fun than the Chanel tulle Ford of last year. There are two dresses from Carette, very brief and ruffly and straightish as to hemline: one a black chiffon with rows of circular pieces attached in diagonal lines; one a black flat crêpe printed with tiny flowers—and the Frenchiest thing, in the saucy sense, seen yet. There is a model of black satin printed in rose pattern (this is newer than printed crêpe and looks more formal) with a tight-swathed harem girdle; a magnificent frock of black crêpe that comes to the floor in a point in front, descends similarly in back, and follows the figure as flatteringly as anything I have seen. You don't have to have the white-feather bird that hurtles across the hipbone on one side unless you crave it. Travellers and weekenders will love a frock of cream-embroidered net (the effect of coarse lace) over brown chiffon, and having a double bolero effect. The tweed suits are very well done, in a grand version of the conservative three-piece idea; and, if you love suits, look at one of brown wool with a chartreuse blouse.

—L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Machine-Age Toy—Small Boys and Girls Together —Silver for Crystal

BEING a girl who adores her playthings and loves her gadgets, however useless, I have put in the most heroic effort for months trying to discover whence came a very superior toy for rich bachelors, or even for rich bachelor girls. They practically had to make a newspaper out of this when I found out, I was so eager to print all I knew the next day. The toy is a square cigarette-box, with a lever on one side. As you start to pull the lever down, a cigarette is ejected; as the lever completes its de-

the party factory grows up

at first we concentrated on giving children's parties.

but since then . . . some *terre haute* bachelors wanted to be merry, to be *pirates* for an evening . . . a treasure hunt in *san francisco* needed a treasure . . . fifty-two members of a well-known *winston-salem* family had a reunion . . .

so in self defense we've had to take on the adults, too. hence, if it's a party —for young moderns or grown up moderns—

consult the party factory

saks-fifth avenue new york

plaza 4000, extension 165

New Yorkers . . . and those who will be temporary New Yorkers . . . are invited to inspect a few desirable suites available now for immediate occupancy

On Lease or Transient

Mayfair House
610 Park Avenue, New York
at 65th Street

Edward H. Crandall
President

scent, a flame lights the end of the cigarette for you. Think of the time you save and pity your grandfathers, who had to go to all the effort of opening a box to take out a cigarette and then had the fatiguing necessity of lighting it themselves! Cartier has this in silver, for difficult young men with birthdays impending, and Ovington's has a lower-priced edition in red or black metal.

NANINE, at 510 Madison Avenue, is a solace and a refuge to mothers of well-bred babes from the first chortle onwards. Lately, this shop has added to its collection of clothes for—oh loathsome word!—"toddlers" some spring coats of fine French piqué in pastel colors. They are embellished with enchanting white piqué collars, and hats to match if you choose. Doting mammas at Palm Beach were crazy for them, and also about some spring coats of the very finest French serge in light colorings. While we are on the subject, there are many adorable sprigged dresses made from Liberty's first representative among the dimities—called, naturally enough, Liberty dimity. Liberty dimity, my son John. Try it yourself. Try it at four A.M. and see how trippingly it goes on the tongue. In the daytime, when life is simpler and pronunciation more precise, you may buy it by the yard at McCutcheon. Really just the thing your little girl needs.

ANOTHER epochal note on clothes for children is that Christopher Robin, at 818 Madison Avenue, is selling out forever and ever, despite the sobs of the populace. This shop is especially noted for shorts, simple sweaters, and tailored topcoats of imported tweeds for the very young massa. Now is the time for mothers of small sons to supplement damaged wardrobes.

DE PINNA has opened a golf school, with the idea that people should play as well as they look in their golf togs. It is under the direction of the Mackie brothers (Dan and Jack, and apparently famous) and should effectively banish the idea, which still exists in some minds, that De Pinna is a place primarily for young people.

THE next time you are in Cartier's trying to match that piece of pink chiffon that is such an odd shade, look at a small watch enclosed in a silver case about the size of a

The Radiant Charm That Comes From Riding for Those Who Have no Time to Ride

A LONG ride in the keen sharp wind till the blood sings under your skin. Cool—fresh—young and alive—the radiant beauty of perfect skin health.

This loveliness—make it yours, though you have no time to ride. Feel Ambrosia cleansing the skin. Enjoy its tonic effect. Pat this sunlit liquid over your face with cotton and stroke gently upward till dry. New color comes in your cheeks. Powder clings smoothly to the rose surface of your skin. Refreshed, young, sure of your loveliness!

See for yourself the radiant charm that Ambrosia brings to your skin. Return the coupon. Let us send you at once a Pocket Flacon of Ambrosia free—enough for sixteen days of loveliness.

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the unique flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At all the finer drug and department stores.

AMBRŌSIA

• A CLEANSER • A TONIC •
• A POWDER BASE •

HINZE AMBROSIA, INC.
New York

• • 16 DAYS OF LOVELINESS • •

HINZE AMBROSIA, Inc., Dept. 5,
114 Fifth Avenue, New York City
For me a Pocket Flacon free.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

. . . . whose art it is to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . . .

Spoken of Lucien Lelong, of course. His the artistic consciousness, the understanding of how much the *right* parfum adds to the totality of feminine attraction. His, too, the superb creative art which brought into existence the three distinctive odeurs of Lelong parfums.

Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions at the smarter shops and department stores.

PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

small briquet. The watch is entirely concealed—thereby eliminating that old crystal difficulty—until you press the top, whereupon it springs out and confronts you with the correct time. Elegant for the handbag or the vest-pocket, and reasonably priced. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

New Frills for an Old Game—Poker Golf

KNICKERS, often the first purchase of the fledgling, are no longer the invariable uniform for golfing. Long flannel trousers were preferred by a number of players on southern courses this winter, and no doubt many more will be seen up here next summer. They are cooler than knickers because they do not bind the knees, and they are better protection against the ferocious mosquitoes that infest most courses, especially those along the Sound. Also, they are kinder to corpulent figures. The slacks carried by Tripler are distinguished by pleats, and have waistbands with extension buckles and side straps that make a belt unnecessary, insuring comfort and free movement. They are made of white, gray, and the new blue-gray flannel. On a wet course, however, knickers of rough tweed are more practical because they are less affected by mud and wet grass. They should be cut with plenty of room but with rather less fullness than they have been given in recent years. Exaggerated plus-fours are reserved for Sunday hikers—and so are loud patterns.

HOSE and knickers of more or less the same color look best worn with plain bright-colored sweaters. At Brooks, admirable restraint has been shown in the selection of stockings, and the shetland sweaters—coat or pull-over—come in fourteen plain colors. This shop has some good accessories for the winter golfer: Izod hunting shirts of thin jersey with detachable poplin collars, jersey polo shirts with long sleeves and attached collars of the same material, natural-chamois shirts—with or without collars—to be worn as light-weight windbreakers, and knee-length chamois drawers. Among Tripler's contributions to the golfer's comfort are mitts of angora that protect the back of the hand and the wrist but

leave the palm unencumbered, flannel shirts in several colors with attached collars, and short socks to be worn under regular hose for extra warmth. Saks-Fifth Avenue offers windbreakers with slide fasteners, and those short jackets of oiled silk that fold into an envelope small enough to fit into the pocket of a caddy-bag.

Caddy-bags with slide fasteners seem to be in great demand. At Dobbs' new shop (Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street) we saw one that had this kind of fastening on the hood, on the ball pocket, and all the way down the side to permit easy access to anything that may be carried along with the clubs. It is made of very fine cowhide and is surprisingly light. Spalding has a variety of caddy-bags and duffle-bags fitted with slide fasteners. In fact one of the most interesting features of the recent Golf Show was the number of articles fitted with this handy contrivance. We won't, however, list the hundred and fifty uses to which it has been put—one of the oddest is to close a diary, with a padlock for privacy.

GETTING back to golf—spiked shoes are becoming more and more popular among seasoned players. Certainly they afford the best footing on wet, or very dry, grass. If your country club does not permit them, we suggest those with rubber knobs on the soles and heels in preference to the all-rubber type. Most shops carry both kinds. We mention in particular those sold by Spalding because they are made of very pliable leather that remains pliable in spite of repeated wettings, and they have spikes riveted into the outer sole that stay in place and do not raise uncomfortable bumps inside. If you can't have spikes, and don't like rubber, we suggest your trying the shoes made by Robert Wylie that have heavy flax cord woven into the soles and heels.

OF all the contraptions designed to help the golfer keep in practice at home, one of the few that seem to us to have much value is the "Pitch and Putt" rug—an oblong of green carpet with a large circle marked off with card symbols on which you can play poker by putting golf balls. One's judgment of distance should be improved; if it isn't, at least the game is fun; and if you get tired of playing, you have a perfectly good rug anyway. Abercrombie & Fitch sell it for $37.50.

—G. McC.

McCutcheon's

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

ACCESSORIES
in tune with Spring

SMALL Arm Chair suitable for living room or boudoir. Well-covered in gay cretonnes and upholstery fabrics. $35.

Dotted Marquisette Curtains with ruffled edges and double ruffle valance. In white, cream or ecru. 2¼ yards long. $3.50 a pair.

Oriental Scatter Rugs in handsome designs. Personally selected in Persia and Turkey. $25 to $300.

Tudor Coffee Table with wedge top and extension leaves. Oak or walnut. $49.50.

Liberty Moorcroft Coffee Set in powder blue. 6 pieces shown, $9.80.

FOURTH FLOOR

"Button Up Your Overcoat"

"Button Up Your Overcoat"—Two hit numbers from the musical riot "Follow Thru" by Zelma O'Neal with Al Goodman and his "Follow Thru" Orchestra.

"I Want to be Bad" 4207

"Button Up Your Overcoat"—More wows from "Follow Thru" by Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra.

"I Want to be Bad" 4204

"You Wouldn't Fool Me, Would You?"—You won't fool yourself when you take home these fast ones from "Follow Thru" by Hal Kemp and his Orchestra.

"My Lucky Star" 4212

"Carolina Moon"—A corking vocal duet by Francis Luther and Jack Parker. Also

"You Can't Take my Memories from Me" 4202

Always something new on Brunswick Records

There's new snap, rhythm and pep in Brunswick Records

Brunswick

PANATROPES-RADIOLAS-RECORDS

MUSICAL EVENTS

Just Toscanini—Two Laughing Audiences —Recital Revivals—A New "Jonny"

THERE seems to be almost nothing left to say concerning Mr. Toscanini. He has come again, leaving a trail of superlative-seekers pawing vainly at their dictionaries. The orchestral season, which had been rather a bleak stretch, has become brilliant overnight, and the Philharmonic-Symphony, which had been a serviceable organization for various guest conductors, has been converted into the finest orchestra of our time.

Again the habitués of Carnegie Hall are asking one another what there is that sets Toscanini apart from all other musicians; and again there is no satisfactory answer. He does not make his conquests by the use of what is known loosely as "personality," because his performances sound just as impressive over the radio. He has no tricks—and at the same time he knows them all. He is saturated with the music which he is conducting—and yet he never gives a "reading." He is no specialist—and yet every composition which he touches sounds like his favorite work.

Perhaps the secret of Toscanini lies in the screamingly obvious fact that he is a completely sincere musician who knows his business to the last measure. Perhaps it is that he has such consummate showmanship that he is no showman at all. Toscanini is a paradox, and the more one juggles with this paradox, the more bewildering it becomes. After all, one encounters in a lifetime only a few artists of the stature of Toscanini. It is almost useless to try to discover what they do with music, because they do nothing that is not in the score, and still they omit nothing that is present. Their art is so perfected that it defies dissection. If there were more Toscaninis, critics would have to close up shop. A Toscanini concert seems to be merely something to be enjoyed!

A LAUGHING audience is a novelty, but the phenomenon turned up at the last Copland-Sessions concert, when Virgil Thomson's setting of Gertrude Stein's "Capitals" was performed—and very well, too—by a singularly intelligible group known as the Ionian Quartet. The text is typical Steinery, and makes no sequential sense to the lay ear, but Mr. Thomson has set it in a Handelian recitative that gives rise to spontaneous cachinnation, especially at the magic line, "We have all forgotten about the horses." I rather expected the theme of "Horses, Horses, Crazy over Horses" to come tinkling from the piano as commentary on this equine fantasy, but Mr. Thomson's quotations throughout the cantata were limited to the diatonic scale.

By the way, I have heard that "Capitals" was intended to be taken seriously, so, no matter how one looks at it, it was a joke on the audience. That also might describe the new works preceding it.

ANOTHER laughing audience was discovered in Town Hall at the third concert of Pro-Musica. This time, however, the laughter was aimed at the resuscitation of an opera of the forties—William Henry Fry's "Leonora." I was not greatly cheered by the guffaws of the modernists, because the excerpts from "Leonora" were quite as interesting as the music which this type of audience generally receives rapturously, and it obviously was not the intention of Dr. Otto Kinkeldey, who gave a charming talk on the old work, to hold it up to ridicule.

"Leonora" is, of course, a curio, the pathetic attempt of a wealthy Philadelphian to imitate his beloved Donizetti. Eighty-four years ago it was accepted with something like respect, and Dr. Kinkeldey's exposition of the wormy plot (based on "The Lady of Lyons") and the obsolete setting was as gracious and entertaining a bit of musical scholarship as ever I have heard. I may as well admit that such exhuming of once-celebrated works is my weakness now and that if Dr. Kinkeldey is scheduled for another excursion into musical Americana, I shall

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be there. However, I hope that there will be an audience in more mellow mood than the one that greeted the labors of Fry with giggles.

THE return of several excellent artists in familiar programs has raised the level of the year in recitals. Yehudi Menuhin continues to astonish the populace so successfully that no one recalls the announcements concerning his imminent hegira to a farm. Toscha Seidel, who seems to have been transformed from a fiery young virtuoso into an artist of almost classic repose, made a welcome reappearance, and Yelly d'Aranyi gave a violin concert that renewed the impressions of her brilliant début last season. Mischa Levitzki is back, as lyrical and flashing as ever at the piano, and there were exceptionally good début recitals by two young pianists of Spanish extraction—Angelica Morales and Jesús María Sanroma, the latter having already started something with his performance of the Toch Concerto with the Boston Symphony.

THE Metropolitan has revived "Der Freischütz," which really is no news, because the opera has been out of the repertoire for only a few seasons and the cast, for the most part, was a familiar and competent one. The principal novelty of recent weeks has been a new hero in "Jonny Spielt Auf"—Lawrence Tibbett, who sang the music in excellent German and acted it in a gangling manner that was extremely effective. Mr. Tibbett is not so assured in the rôle as Mr. Bohnen, but when he becomes accustomed to it, he will have achieved another bright characterization. Incidentally, "Jonny" sounds better on a third hearing than on a first, and the audiences seem to be having a grand time, especially in certain sections which cannot be translated too easily.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Piano Jazz from France —Soothing Songs and Snappy Steps

AT last there is a jazz album. It is a collection of popular airs played by the French pianists, Jean Wiener and Clément Doucet, for Columbia, and imported by the Gramophone Shop. Some of the discs are soli, and there are also duets. All are well performed. The big item,

however, is "Isoldina," a mocking foxtrot transcription of the Liebestod, done by the M. Doucet. I suspect that this pianist has been compelled to listen to the chatter of perfervid Wagnerites and has revenged himself in this ingenious desecration. There are a few other albums of popular music available, including one of songs by Maurice Chevalier. The recording is good, but I haven't seen Chevalier and I imagine that, like Raquel Meller, his appeal is not wholly vocal.

AMONG the domestic recordings for the month, Eddie Cantor's Victor version of two airs from "Whoopee," and James Melton's "The Song I Love" and "My Tonia" for Columbia are particularly recommended. For dancing, try:

How Long How Long Blues and My Kinda Love—Walter Barnes and his Royal Creolians. Hot business, with brilliant solo passages. (*Brunswick*)

Let's Do It and Spell of the Blues—Dorsey brothers and their Orchestra. Interesting harmonizations and not too placid performances. (*Okeh*)

Let's Do It and Spell of the Blues—Long as We're in Love—Fred Rich and his Orchestra. Mellifluous and adroit scorings of two bright airs. (*Columbia*)

Lover, Come Back to Me and Marianne—Arden-Ohman and their Orchestra. Unusually musical transcriptions of two melodies from "The New Moon." (*Victor*)

Kiss Waltz and Cuckoo Waltz—Okeh International Orchestra. Waltzes that really can be used for dancing. (*Okeh*)

Weary River and Caressing You—Jan Garber and his Orchestra. Richly instrumented settings of two of the best of recent tunes. (*Columbia*)

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•

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Will always love you till I die.
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I'm very fond of you today.

—Margaret Fishback

•

Colonel Lindbergh showed a flicker of his long-standing dislike for hrdetloairdlua, he reproved a photographer who slipped in with his camera.—*The Seattle Times.*

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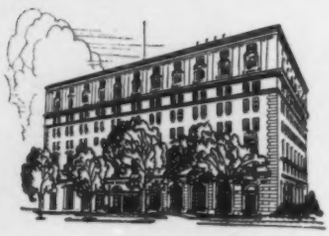

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•

F. L. HIGGINSON, son of Francis his bride, Miss Dorothy Lucas, of Lee Higginson, of New York, with Liverpool, after their wedding at Blundellsands, England—*Rotogravure caption.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Higher the Fewer

ONE tragedy of the men who have reached a certain stage of perfection is that as their art increases, their production grows less. Some of those whom we would like to see as often as we do our weekly pay cheque manage to turn out only two or three pictures a year. We suppose, however, that this is excellent for posterity, and that their canvases may outlast those produced by the factories devoted to quantity production.

THIS turn of thought was the result of viewing a new canvas by Dickinson at the current group show of the Daniel Gallery. The picture contained one of Dickinson's favorite designs, enriched this time by some new color. He is an artist who has an uncanny mastery of organization, and he has never pushed it too far. This particular still life will be a joy to students, and, happily, the subject matter is such that any layman can pause to admire it without feeling uneasily that the painter has felt superior to him.

Peter Blume's contribution to the small show is an advance in the work of this remarkable young American. Those who talk a lot about native painting should study "The Boat" and find for themselves, if they can, the elusive quantities that go to make up national boundary-lines in art. The picture is as American as a Ryder or a Homer, yet it is almost a primitive in the handling of its color.

Kuniyoshi shows three pictures in this group, all of them recent ones. We think that his "Figure" is about his highest achievement. At first glance it seems to contain less fireworks than many of his larger canvases do, but a long study of it will discover a brilliance and power that are amazing. His flowers are handsome, as usual, but his "Farmyard" we felt did not fully realize his intention.

This show also contains an Elsie Driggs and a Karl Knaths, reviewed previously, and paintings by Nicolay Cikovsky, Charles Goeller, Robert Harwood, and Saul Schary.

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Of the primitives we liked the Crivelli best; of the sappy school we liked least the pretentious Romney's "Clavering Children." In between, however, there are some excellent pictures to see. For one thing, it will please, or annoy, you to discern how well a little unfinished head by Derain compares with the work of the ancient great. There is a Rousseau we have never seen hereabouts before, and it alone is worth going to see. Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, Daumier are there with so-so contributions. Manet is represented by one of his good ones, and Matisse, we felt, had a difficult time holding his own.

ADOLPH DEHN is being shown at Weyhe's until the middle of the month. Dehn has recently come back after his Paris spree and his lithos and drawings are mainly of the stereotyped American holiday in France. Dehn has two good qualities: he is not sweet, and he does not compromise. Sometimes we think he strives a bit hard for his effects, sacrificing art to his desire to better the world. When he is not thumbing his nose, he notes nature in her best moments, and at those times achieves real beauty. His is a velvet technique, and he knows a great deal about his medium. The fact that his stuff sells well, and quickly, indicates something, which we like to think is a healthy progress of Americans toward a taste for raw truth.

AT THE OTHER GALLERIES: Helene Sardeau, a Belgian-American sculptress, is showing at the Ehrich Galleries until March 15. . . . Numa Patlagean has a show of sculpture at the Bourgeois, a gallery rarely open. . . . Eugene Fitsch is exhibiting water colors, etchings, and lithos at the Denks Gallery, open until March 12. . . . Chester Leich is showing at the Art Center until March 16. . . . Ralph Fabry is exhibiting paintings and etchings of New York at the Art Center. . . . During March the Fifty Prints of the Year will be shown at the same place. This exhibit is always worth while. . . . The Independents have opened their soirée at the Waldorf. . . . André Favory (paintings and pastels) is being shown until March 15 at Arnold Seligmann, Rey & Company, under the auspices of the French Government. —M. P.

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OUT OF TOWN

The Nearly Free Seas

ECONOMIZING at home is pretty boring, but economizing on a cabin ship is fun. More and more people—and I mean people, not folks—are discovering this, and are fleeing to the cabin ships by way of escape from the sort of royal-suite tenants who travel in order to be seen travelling. All of which accounts for the huge success of cabin liners, and for the heavy traffic in them at this time of year. For this is the period when both diamond-backed magnificoes and rubbering tourists are busy with whatever keeps them at home. By now, most of the big lines have fleets of one-cabin ships plying between here and the large European ports; I am convinced that they are hard to beat for real peace and pleasure.

One-cabin ships are small, but not unreasonably small—averaging thirteen thousand to twenty thousand tons—and are usually arranged for people who like to sleep in beds, eat at small, well-appointed tables, walk wherever they please, and ring for what they want when they want it. The passengers can do all this, and they get to their destinations only a few days later than they would on a de luxe express liner—and for one-half to one-third of the usual first-class prices. At this time of year you can cross on any cabin ship for from $150 to $175, which is about a hundred dollars less than the minimum first-class passage on an express ship.

THE following far from complete outline is intended for quick reference; further information, of course, can be had from the companies mentioned:

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Sur la scene, et en dehors— dit Evelyn Herbert

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FRENCH LINE, 19 State Street, Bowling Green 7500: One of the first to adopt the one-cabin plan; its ships are enormously popular. The fleet includes the much-loved De Grasse, the Rochambeau, Roussillon, La Bourdonnais, and Niagara. Some of these land at Havre, and some at Bordeaux, touching Spain en route—a novel idea. There is a gay atmosphere on these ships, and the food is fine.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, 39 Broadway, Whitehall 1020: Owns the interesting new Milwaukee and St. Louis, sister ships, sixteen-thousand-ton motor vessels. The St. Louis makes her maiden voyage from Hamburg on March 29, the Milwaukee on June 19. Other good Hamburg ships are the Cleveland, Westphalia, and Thuringia—sailing from New York to Hamburg, Bremen, Ireland, Cherbourg, Southampton.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD, 57 Broadway, Bowling Green 3880: Has a fleet of popular cabin boats, with the clean simple surroundings that are liked on German lines. Good food, and the greatest solicitude from stewards and stewardesses when needed. The ships include the Dresden, Muenchen, Karlsruhe, and Stuttgart, calling at the same countries as the Hamburg-American steamers.

UNITED STATES LINES, 45 Broadway, Whitehall 2800: Five cabin liners, sailing from Hoboken and calling at Ireland, England, France, and Germany. These include the George Washington, America, Republic, and the Presidents Harding and Roosevelt, all with attractive public rooms, good deck space, and well-appointed, though not ostentatious, staterooms.

WHITE STAR and RED STAR LINES, 1 Broadway, Bowling Green 8300: White Star ships include the Cedric, Adriatic, Baltic, and Albertic, from

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THE three Italian lines—COSULICH, LLOYD SABAUDO, and N. G. I.—and the SPANISH ROYAL MAIL LINE don't have cabin ships, but if the spirit of economizing grips you simultaneously with the desire to sail via the southern route, you will find their second-class cabins attractive, and the prices about the same as the cabin accommodations on all northern lines. Don't forget the Spanish Exposition, opening in May at Barcelona, as a summer possibility—and that a good way to go to Austria, the Tyrol, and the Dolomites is on an Italian ship to Trieste.

RIGHT now is a good time to make advance reservations for the rush season (around June 1—hair-tearing time in the shipping world) and to learn the ropes if you plan to take a car over. All the important lines—though not all ships—carry uncrated automobiles (if the owner is on board) with almost no incidental fuss. The simplest proceeding is to leave the details to some firm such as the Sutherland International Dispatch, of 17 Battery Place, which will make all arrangements, including transportation, foreign licenses and insurance, and the procuring of the *Carnet*—a book of coupons that enables you to drive through the customs of any European country.

The cost of taking a car includes: A bond of $100 to cover customs expenses, left with the dispatch company and returned when the car comes back; round-trip freight charges, based on the weight of the car (from $250 to $385); and about $50 to cover insurance, clearance at ports of embarkation and debarkation, and sundry expenses. The Sutherland people have agents in every port in Europe. They also contract for international moving—packing your household goods in New York and delivering the same vanload to any address in Europe, intact.

—FOOT-LOOSE

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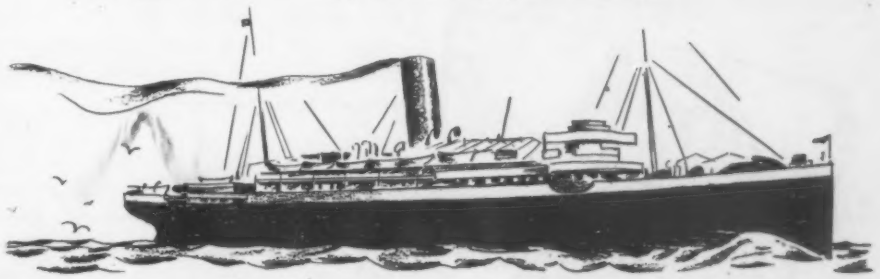

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEBRUARY 28

THE past few weeks in Paris will afford oldest inhabitants something to talk about until well into the middle of the twenty-first century. As the thermometer sank to zero, astonishment rose, and most forms of life disappeared from the streets. Afraid of catching cold, all the taxi-drivers sensibly went home, leaving queues to form for the Métro. Owing to the energy of the préfet, charcoal braziers were immediately installed on the sidewalks at all bus stops, and in the public markets, where at the end of two days the braziers were all the markets had to display. Railways and carting traffic being snowbound all over France, only one half of the capital's normal meat supply arrived and but a fifth of its vegetables, the rest being frozen. The humble leek, usually rated at three francs a bunch, rose to three francs (twelve cents) apiece. A government investigation of leeks resulted at once. The municipal pawnshops returned without charge all blankets, coats, and woollens; in the police stations free coffee was served all night to the homeless, with the result that the sergeants on duty had to be deloused. For the first time in eleven years a skating fête was held on the Swan Pond in the Bois; hockey was staged by teams brought from Chamonix, and a few curés in flying skirts added grace to the gaiety.

All the smaller northern streams and canals being frozen, and coal barges en route from Belgium being held prisoner, the fuel shortage was acute. Burst gas and water pipes have been commonplaces, and the hotels have overflowed with distressed homelovers.

FOR those smart few happy at having left Paris before the freeze, the results have been worse. Deep snow fell at sunny Cannes, where hotels are rarely heated, and half the skiing villages in the Massif de la Grande Chartreuse were snowed under for a week without supplies or communication. At Grasse, where acres of blooms lay ready to cull at the height of the perfume-making season, tons of violets are candied in ice. The industry, one of the three greatest in France, faces bankruptcy with its mimosa and rose bushes frozen to the roots, and its conservatories broken in under the snow. A petition for government aid has justly been filed. For the first time in two hundred years red wine froze in casks in Burgundy. Even the Atlantic froze for a mile near Bordeaux.

OUTSIDE of momentary chilblains, the boulevards, at any rate, flourish. If Broadway is having one of its worst seasons in many years, Paris is now definitely having one of its best in many more. The Apollo, where Mary Dugan's trials are disclosed, is playing to thirty thousand francs weekly—no mean sum for Paris. "Broadway" is still S.R.O. The other two great box-office magnets are Ben Jonson's "Volpone" and the overrated, misanthropic slapstick "Topaze." There may be a third addition in the shape of "L'Argent," the most important and worst new French film. It was directed by L'Herbier, starring Brigitte Helm and inspired, it is claimed, by Zola's novel of the same name. One suspects that the producers rather than the film were so inspired. The movie's plot, a hodgepodge of modern bourse bungling, Winter Garden supper parties, and French Lindbergh flights, is far from bearing any resemblance to Zola's novel. The Zola heirs have protested, several critics have had a good cry, and the name Zola on the broadsheets will sell the film in every village cinema theatre in France.

THE death in misery of La Goulue, one of the great *demimondaines* of the nineties, petted cancan dancer of the then devilish Moulin Rouge, model for Toulouse-Lautrec in some of his most famous cabaret canvases, and general toast of the whiskered town, afforded her a press she had not enjoyed since her palmiest days. La Goulue (Greedy Gal) was born

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Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Louise Weber, daughter of a cab-driver; she was a pretty, full-fleshed blonde of the mortal Olympian type popular with the gay Edwardians the world over. Rising by natural stages from the sidewalk to the ballet of the Moulin Rouge, her triumph came when bankers and Impressionists drank champagne from her shoe. She did the splits amidst the sixty yards of lace trimming her stylish long skirt, and starred in the quadrilles in the arms of her famous partners: Valentin-le-Désossé (the Boneless Wonder), Grille-d'Egout (Sewer Gate—and very popular in his period), and a lady known as Nini Patte-en-l'Air. La Goulue achieved a private hôtel in the Avenue du Bois and even lived in what had once been the property of her famous predecessor, Païva, fashionable mistress of Napoleon III. It was from this discreet mansion that La Goulue was invited to dance before a gentleman who afterwards literally covered her with banknotes, and turned out to be the Grand Duke Alexis. She had charm, a dazzling complexion, and wit. It was the last great heyday for courtesans, and she made hay.

THEN came her fall. She went to jail after some lark. She became a lion-tamer in a street fair. She became a dancer in a wagon show; Toulouse-Lautrec painted sets for her, but she forgot them in some barn and the rats ate them. Then she became a laundress. Then she became nothing.

A month ago she reappeared; fat, old, and dancing drunkenly in a few feet of a remarkable documentary film about the ragpickers of Paris—called, after their neighborhood of wagon shanties, "The Zone." Her last interview was given to the weekly *Vu*. After the first glass of brandy of the interview she took out a cracked mirror; after the third glass she recalled her cab-driving father. After the fourth she remembered the Grand Duke Alexis and, on the promise of a box of face powder, even remembered her son, who had died in a gambling den. A few weeks later her ragpickers took her to a city clinic, where she too died, murmuring as if declining a last and eternal invitation, "I do not want to go to hell." —GENÊT

•

"It was during the winter of 1926-2927," the witness related.—*Seattle Times.*

One of those long Seattle winters, when you can't see the mountain.

men are men

and femmes are fine, said the clever cinema customer, when they imbibe that fresh, invigorating entertainment found only in the wide open spaces of

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s. s. van dine's "canary murder case" lives and breathes and has its being, in paramount's talking re-creation with william powell as philo vance

and
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and
the happy hands of jesse crawford in trills and tremolos organically transmute popular fancies into much fine melody

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from precipice to precipice and back to precipice again leaps douglas fairbanks clad only in "the iron mask" (a united artists creation) as douglas fairbanks would be clad..... tables for ladies

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THE CURRE

More Talkie than Mo

"HEARTS IN DIXIE," now playing at the Gaiety, is to be commended for the charm with which the glare of sun, the play of shadows under heavy plane trees, the general scenic aspects of a Virginia river-town have been portrayed. This is the all-negro talking picture which has opened to an evident success.

The sleepy, lazy little town on the river bank, where now and then the steamboat stops to load cotton bales, makes a setting for a slight negro drama, and for successfully rendered negro spirituals and careful dialect. There are scenes of the workers in the cotton field, there are barbecues and singing, all very agreeably done, and at least to our northern ideas, realistically.

The picture, however, is slight, depending upon its characterization and setting rather than upon any manufactured plot, on which score we have no quarrel. Different types of the negro have been portrayed, the honors probably going to a juvenile, recorded as a Mr. Stepin Fetchit, whose study of a completely idle, listless, amorous young buck contributes such humor as there is in the film. Indeed, acrid temperaments will be somewhat irked by the emphasis on its sentimental features, especially as embodied in one of those old Uncle Tom characters whose devotion to his little grandson is the major theme of what action there is. This old "pappy" moves through the picture with that ponderous and lugubrious saintliness which is never attributed to the ancients of any race except the black, and which would depress sadly, we should think, even the most blithe of southern colonels.

ANTHONY ASQUITH, son of Margot, has contrived a film shown now at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. It is called "Underground," referring, as we do not have to tell our travelled friends, to the London subway. Mr. Asquith has shown some ability in picturing the more comic types to be seen about, but as the melodramatic side of his story advances it goes a little wild and frantic and incoherent. The film will not alarm our American industry with the threat of a foreign competitor. One of the characters

CINEMA

Warm and Worse

comes out of the Thames miraculously dry, and a pool table is shown with nineteen balls on it instead of fifteen, a discrepancy which will be trying to the American sporting element. For an amateur's work, though, it's probably a pretty good try.

At another of the smaller playhouses, the Little Carnegie, the life and tragedy of Marie Antoinette is being presented. "Marie Antoinette" is a French film and lacks that convincing accuracy which we might expect of a Hollywood production. Though scenes at Versailles are fair, and the Queen herself at times manages to resemble somewhat the Lebrun portrait, it is not for experts in this period of history.

NEW offerings at the bigger houses are unimportant. Ruth Chatterton does very little as the mother of the kidnapped child in "The Dummy," and the whole picture is unexciting. In "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" Bert Lytell plays with complete lack of distinction a master safebreaker of beautiful character, one of those geniuses who has only to tickle the wall with his "sensitive" fingers somewhere near a safe to have its door fly open for him. Certainly make no effort to see this.

Don't strain yourself either to witness "Geraldine," at the Colony, which is a sentimental little Booth Tarkington story about a rich financier who hires an office boy to teach his daughter how to be attractive to men. —J. C. M.

•

THOUGHTS

WHILE LOOKING IN THE WINDOW OF A SHOE STORE

In blue shoes I am sure I'd be
A great deal more than merely me,
I'd be urbane and nonchalant—
Une femme du monde—une élégante.

With snakeskin shoes upon my feet
I might not always be discreet,
In fact it's likely I'd believe
Myself to be a bit like Eve.

In shoes with flippant crimson heels
I think I might learn how it feels,
While staying safely in Manhattan,
To go quite wholly, madly Latin.

But since I'm neither rich nor bold,
I think I'll have my brogues re-soled.

—RUTH BROWN

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COURT GAMES

A Field of Four—The Veteran Makes a Change

ROWLAND HAINES is defending his national squash-tennis championship this week, and between now and Saturday, March 16, the best squash of the amateur season can be seen at the Columbia University Club. No less than three players have vanquished the titleholder in invitation tournaments this year, but Edward Larigan, Milton Baron, and Gavin Brackenridge, along with all others, know that to beat Haines in the National is a different matter.

A short time ago, I asked Haines why he seemed so indifferent about winning his matches in invitation tournaments, why he was so lax in claiming lets that anyone else would take, and why he was so unnecessarily generous to his opponents. It is not often that the champion will talk about his squash, but for once he explained everything. The gist of his remarks was that to him squash is a game to be enjoyed.

"If I went into every match with the sole idea of winning," he said, "it would be a strain and take all the pleasure out of the game. I would have to keep practicing all the time. Besides, you can't keep going at top speed from November to March. I think I play better in the National if I take it easy the rest of the season."

There are few players who take their game with such calm. Most of them play for keeps every time they go on the court, and consequently take a defeat much more to heart. On the record, however, it appears that Haines' attitude pays. In both 1927 and 1928 he won the championship after a season of varying success.

THE field that faces the champion this week is not so formidable as those of the past have been. Several top-notchers have given up the game, and others have slowed up considerably. William Rand and Hewitt Morgan haven't touched a squash-tennis bat all season. Fillmore Hyde has been playing lawn tennis in Bermuda, and illness has kept Otis Guernsey off the courts. Tom Coward made his first appearance of the year last week. Playing at No. 5, Coward, formerly the

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hardest hitter on the courts, had all he could do to beat E. H. Heminway, of Harvard.

The only players who appear to have any chance of dethroning the champion are Dr. Mixsell and the three men who have beaten Haines this season (Brackenridge conquered him last week, when Columbia defeated Princeton and clinched the Metropolitan team championship again). Of the four, I should say that Mixsell is the most formidable, although Larigan has the finest backhand in the game, and Baron is a whirlwind player. If Baron played in competition as he does in practice with Frank Ward, the world's Open champion, even Haines would be no better than an even bet against him.

MIXSELL is the grand old man of the game; last week he won the Veterans' championship for the fourth year in succession. Baron put him out of the National last year, but Mixsell paid off that score in the final of the recent Clyde Martin Invitation. In defeating Murray Lee in the Veterans' final last week he put on one of the most remarkable exhibitions I have ever seen on a squash court. Lee, one of the first ten players, got only five points, and the reason was largely that Mixsell, in spite of his years, has changed his game. He has renounced the wallop for the soft ball.

As he came off the court, showing hardly a sign of his match, he said: "The soft ball is the thing. I haven't any doubt that some player will come along who can play that game and tame Rowly's speed. It won't be me, but somebody will do it some day."

Nevertheless, aside from Haines, himself, I know of no active amateur who can play the soft ball with anything approaching Mixsell's skill. It is because of his mastery of this type of play that I think he has the best chance of any against the champion.

SEEN AND HEARD: Herbert Rawlins, watching the professional squash-tennis exhibitions at the Shelton and exclaiming delightedly, "That's a swell game." . . . Lathrop Haskins, member of the Harvard Club's championship squash-racquets team, playing in the National Class C squash-tennis championship at the Crescent A. C. . . . Malcolm Whitman and Henry Slocum, former tennis champions, Foxhall Keene, Lyttleton Fox, and Charles Sands watching the racquets championship at the Racquet and Tennis Club.

—A. D.

Seen at Reuben's

TEXAS GUINAN... drops around to hobnob with the *bon vivants* who gather every B. M. *(Before Morn)* at Reuben's. "Tex" flashed that irresistible smile of hers over the steaming fragrance of Reuben's Irish Stew. And no wonder! Truly deserving of genuine appreciation is *such* a dish! Tiny cubes of tender young spring lamb, stewed in luscious brown gravy, with such an infinite variety of succulent fresh vegetables as ever gladdened the artistic soul of Our Chef—and the palates of our friends! What d'ya say, "Tex?" (You've guessed it)—"Give *this* little girl a hand!"

* * *

PHIL BAKER—sure enuf "Pleasure Bound" via such a transport of delight as Reuben's own Wiener Schnitzel *à la* Holstein. *Such* a culinary creation! Veal cutlet of a delectable softness, breaded—topped with a symphony in white and gold—(which in any place but Reuben's might be called merely fried egg) the whole sprinkled with capers to add zest to the *ensemble*. A "personality boy" gets awfully hungry after the first half-dozen curtain calls! And there's no place like Reuben's for gustatorial diversion!

* * *

RADIANT luminary of stage and screen—ELSIE FERGUSON glided gracefully across our threshold to lose herself in the fragrant mysteries of Reuben's Chicken *à la* Mornay. The sweetest of young chicken and fresh green Broccoli, boiled to a melting softness with a gorgeous cream sauce—then baked *au gratin!* Oh divine—oh devastatingly delicious concoction! Far be it from us to intrude, but we *did* happen to notice—in passing, of course!—that nary a morsel on the lady's plate was overlooked! Confidentially, Miss Ferguson—wasn't it *great?*

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GAIETY Thea., 46th St. & B'way. Twice Daily, 2:30—8:30

VANDERBILT Thea., W. 48 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The Smart Musical Comedy Smash!
LADY FINGERS
with Eddie Buzzell & Louise Brown
"Another of those breathless, booming musical shows bounced over the stage of the Vanderbilt." —*N. Y. World*

LITTLE W. 44th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40
JOHN GOLDEN PRESENTS
Francine
Larrimore
in "Let Us Be Gay," by Rachel Crothers
"A treat for better class brains."—*American*

MUSIC BOX Theatre, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
BORDONI in "PARIS"
A Musicomedy by Martin Brown
with Irving Aaronson's "THE COMMANDERS"

BROADHURST W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
"You're the Cream in My Coffee" song hit
The Musical Knockout HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore, Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting

Katharine
Cornell in
"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
EMPIRE Thea., B'way at 40th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ROYALE THEATRE, 45 St., W. of B'way Eves. 8:50, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Kibitzer
"A HIT."—*Heywood Broun, Eve. Telegram*

BOOTH Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30
TALK OF THE TOWN
"THE MARRIAGE BED"
POP. MAT. WED. BEST SEATS $2

44th ST. Theatre, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
THE MARX BROTHERS IN
The Musical Laff Circus
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"
Good Balc. & Mezz. Seats $1 to $3
POP. PRICE MATS. WED. & SAT.

SAM H. HARRIS' Thea., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"BEST PLAY SINCE RAIN"
CONGAI
with
HELEN MENKEN
WED. MATS. BEST SEATS $2
EVES. Exc. Sat. BEST SEATS $3

LEW CANTOR'S SMASHING HIT
JANET BEECHER
in "COURAGE"
with JUNIOR DURKIN
RITZ Thea., W. 48th St., Eves. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
25TH—BIG WEEK—25TH

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—*Her.-Trib.*
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Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150—with
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ELTINGE Thea. W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
11th SENSATIONAL MONTH
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'BLACKBIRDS'
THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE
Midnight Show Every Thursday

DAVID BELASCO Presents
ULRIC as LENORE as MIMA
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3 CHEERS
and Will is liable to talk about anything and anybody
GLOBE 46th & B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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"SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED"
By GEO. ROSENER with
GALINA KOPERNAK ALAN BROOKS FRANKLYN ARDELL

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Twice daily 2:45-8:45 Extra 6 P. M. show on Sun.

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Singing Sonny Boy and Other Hits
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Twice daily 2:45-8:45 extra 6 P. M. show Sat. & Sun.
Moves to Sam H. Harris Thea. Mar. 11

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30 Reg. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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Extra matinees Thurs., March 14, 21, 28
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Indiscretion
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"HARLEM"
"Something worth going to see."—Littel, Eve. Post
APOLLO Thea., W. 42nd St. Eves. at 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:50

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Mar. 9, 10, 11—100% Talking: "DOCTOR'S SECRET" with Ruth Chatterton; Mar. 12, 13: 100% Talking: "INTERFERENCE"; Mar. 14, 15: "SPIES"; Mar. 16, 17: NOVARRO in "Flying Fleet".
51ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

INDOOR POLO

Down to Business—Two-Goal Schoolboys — The Particular Protected

THE clearing of the decks is under way. This weekend sees the last of Squadron A's informal Saturday night games, with their attendant shouting relatives and friends. From now until the season ends with the first days of April, all the games will have the formality and solemnity that go with tournament play. The midweek telephone calls have already ended. No longer will this, that, or the other team captain be summoned by polo committeemen from the cares of a business day and asked, "How about sending your team up to the Squadron for a game on Saturday?" Next week will bring the finals of the New York Circuit eliminations, for the National championships are close at hand. From now on all will be arranged according to a formal schedule.

THERE will be an entirely new event in this year's championships, a startling one in a sport for which, until very recently, an apprenticeship of quite a number of years was considered necessary. For the first time a schoolboy championship is being held, and for an impressive-sounding trophy — the Eastern Preparatory Schools Indoor Polo Challenge Cup. There will probably be three entrants in this event. The boys have already filed their handicap lists, which revealed that both Manlius School and Wenonah Military Academy can boast of a two-goal player.

IN very few, if any, other sports are the spectators as well protected from possibly boring evenings as they are in indoor polo. The National championships consist, in reality, of seven distinct tournaments, each with its own grade of play: The Open championship—for high-goal teams, and played without handicap; the Intercollegiate, the Interscholastic, and Classes A, B, C, and D—all the last four being played on handicap.

For those who like to pick their games carefully, the following classifi-

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Promotes Growth

CREAM WINX

cation may be of use: Class A consists of teams totalling thirteen goals or better on handicap; Class B, of teams between eight and thirteen goals; Class C, of those between four and nine; and Class D, of those between none and five. With this knowledge it is simply your own fault if you go to a Class D game.

NEWS OF THE TANBARK: The Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club remains, of course, the favorite for the Open and Class A. There is, however, a possibility that Winston Guest will be able to arrange a team strong enough to bother them—and Captain Gerhardt is now better mounted and playing better indoor polo than ever. . . . There is a report that Captain Tate is to play with the West Point Officers. You may remember his artillery battery that picked its way through flaming torches at the National Horse Show. If he plays he can be easily recognized as the stout man with the mustache and the grin. . . . The new ball remains merely a hope; the championships are to be played with the old one. The officials, despairing of this country's manufacturers, are corresponding with Salter of London, who reports that he is optimistic. . . . Illinois, Ohio, New England, and Pennsylvania are to enter teams in the championships. . . . Harvard's Varsity is playing again in Class B as well as in the Intercollegiate. It is really a Class A team, but is changing one man in the lineup in order to defend the Class B championship won last year. . . . Toronto may have a team or two down in 1930. The Eglinton Hunt Club there has just completed a ring, three hundred and twenty-five by a hundred and fifteen feet. There is not much indication of international competition elsewhere. —MARTINGALE

•

What American, in your opinion, has held the most highly responsible position in the history of our country?

All things considered, George Washington.—*Dr. Cadman in the Tribune.*

Name three things you considered, Doctor.

•

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THE SKY LINE

Youth's Annual Fling—Grace in the Strong-Box—The Truth Will Out

THE Metropolitan Museum has done very well by those of our architects and craftsmen who deal in the modern idiom. The show of their work that is being held there should not be missed. From the poster on the outside to the entrance of the exhibition gallery inside one is guided by colorful signposts to a vestibule where a sensitive soul cannot but be thrilled by the little "Fountain of Light." It is a female figure crouching on a pedestal, a most amusing and effective maiden, made of pipe sections and simple metal forms which create an archaic effect distinctly interesting. Brilliant light rays curve to the basin below. This fountain, designed by Ralph T. Walker and Egmont H. Arens, is one of the most successful items in the exhibition.

A JOYOUS note is again struck, and with no uncertain force, in Armistead Fitzhugh's "Central Garden Feature:" an elongated arrangement of terraced beds, bright with the colors of flowers—real flowers—tiles, glazed flowerpots, and glass panels. After these two festive creations our first impulse was to cry: "Banzai! The Present has arrived." We must, however, confess that as we studied the various sections of rooms offered by our modernists, our heart had sinking spells. The ensemble of the gallery is unquestionably effective, but in detail we found much to daunt us. In Ely Kahn's "Backyard Garden" we sensed tonal dissonances that sent light shivers through our system, and as for the metal furniture, it is as inviting to us as a dentist's chair. We liked Ralph Walker's "Man's Study" quite a lot. This little den is lovely in color, though we prefer our ceilings plainer. Throughout the show we felt a certain preciousness, an effort to be at once simple and elaborate which speaks of an unformed philosophy of art.

Hastily passing Joseph Urban's "Conservatory," which seemed confused, we rested peacefully before Eugene Schoen's almost perfect "Shop Window." The next item, a "Woman's Bedroom," designed by John Wellborn Root, also deserves a high credit mark. He has handled a difficult problem with skill and sensitiveness, and we experienced the quiet comfort which the designer intended. In detail, however, we felt the effort to be original, and a torturing of forms both in furniture and accessories that is far from repose.

All the women at the exhibition — and there were many — went into ecstasies over Schoen's "Child's Nursery," but we could not share their appreciation, being violently opposed to any playing-down to the child's level. It is our theory that an infant should be fed adult art from the start. We were frankly dismayed by Eliel Saarinen's "Dining-Room." The visual discomfort of the high-backed chairs and the curious revolving-door effect of the centre support of the table—with individual filing cabinets for the feet—conflicted violently with our ancient prejudices in favor of footloose feeding. It was a comfort to turn to Raymond M. Hood's "Business Executive's Office," which is admirably restrained.

As we left we were moved to revise our first enthusiasm. The Present, we thought, has not yet completely arrived. Perhaps it never will. Our architects and craftsmen, as represented, are working earnestly and seriously. They are doing some beautiful work, much of it necessarily experimental, but they have yet to learn to curb cleverness and to think profoundly of the fundamentals of design. Be that as it may, this is a stimulating, exciting show and an annual event which we should never be without.

AMBLING down East Eighty-sixth Street toward the subway, pondering these profundities, we were attracted by the little branch bank of the National City organization, for which Walker & Gillette, a year ago, designed this excellent modern home. It is simplicity itself, inside and out. Over the big square entrance-door sturdy eagles support the shield of the bank. Of other decoration there is none. In the interior a graceful segmental-arched ceiling curves to the side walls, which are broken at intervals by broadly channeled pilasters without bases or capitals. The walnut counters with their

The

perfection of detail in an Apartment-Home, is not accidental ..nor incidental, ..it is the result of *forethought* and *pre-planning.*

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If he only knew how the New Yorker steals away to a Longchamps restaurant...and in that quiet, peaceful place what wonderful delicacies he orders...the juicy, succulent fresh vegetables ...the savory meats...the fresh sun-ripened fruits...the famous dainties...all served most speedily by courteous Longchamps waiters...*it's just as well he doesn't know about Longchamps!*

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metal screens, wickets, and wall desks in dull black steel and narrow bands of bright nickel are harmonious, dignified, and restful. There is a spirit of reticence, a rigid economy of method, throughout this small building which can be studied to advantage.

THE energetic Fifth Avenue Association has, as customary, announced its awards for architectural excellence in new buildings completed during the past year. Again we find the jury in pleasing accord with this department, for it selects for honors buildings to which we have already paid obeisance. The highest award, a gold medal, goes to the monumental New York Life Insurance Building by Cass Gilbert, on the site of the departed Garden. This picturesque pile is a tour de force in romantic design and, in the use of lavish materials and the execution of its detail, is a truly remarkable achievement. The second award, a silver medal, is well bestowed on the charming Dorothy Gray, Inc., Building, an exceptionally beautiful use of the newer architectural forms, from the office of Robert D. Kohn and Charles Butler. An honorable mention goes to the little Sherry establishment in Madison Avenue for which McKim, Mead & White have designed a setting admirable in character—a playful and festive building which shows that this long-established firm is able, when the occasion offers, to relax from the classic dignity with which it is usually associated.

WE are occasionally called to account for errors which creep into this department—errors of fact, be it understood. The latest was our crediting all of the interior design of the huge Chanin Building to the Chanin Company's own architectural department. We have just been informed that the space occupied by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, whose decoration we thoroughly approve, was the work of Sloan & Robertson, who were also the architects of the building. Having previously complimented the design itself, we are glad of this opportunity to give credit where it is properly due.

The hall and lobby of the building itself, with the amusing little shops, are, as stated before, the achievement of the architectural department of the Chanin Company. Our readers may now picture us, like a Solomon, cutting our laurel wreath in two.—T-SQUARE

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RECENT BOOKS

The Simplicity of Sukey — Shaded Heroines — Barges and Bombazine

IN "The True Heart" Sylvia Townsend Warner has written a story of less obvious fantasy and whimsey than "Lolly Willowes" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," and one of vastly more substance and beauty. You can take it, if you like, as allegory, or you can take it as a direct and simple narrative in which strange improbabilities seem credible. The Victorianism of its mood and its background helps to make its unreality convincing.

Sukey Bond leaves the Warburton Memorial Female Orphanage on a July day in 1873, bearing with her four prizes for excellence in female accomplishments. Mrs. Seaborn, a patroness of orphans, places her on a farm in Essex where "nothing more was required of her than honesty, industry, cleanliness, sobriety, obedience, punctuality, modesty, Church-of-England principles, and a general knowledge of house work, dairy work, washing, mending and plain cooking. . . ." Her first friends are Miss Tansy, the red heifer, and the russet sow with a large experience of maternity. "From making friends with the beasts it seemed a natural step to make friends with Eric," who was "like a pet lamb grown too large for the house whom the household had forgotten to put out of doors." Eric Seaborn was cloistered on the farm because he was an idiot and subject to fits. Sukey and Eric come to love each other with a shy wild love and the story follows their separation and Sukey's wanderings in search of Eric.

There is perfection of humor and of gentle irony in some of the episodes of this virginal pilgrimage. Take, for example, her visit to Mrs. Oxey, the bland and benevolent keeper of a disreputable house:

"What is your name?" inquired the large lady, speaking suddenly. *N. or M. as the case may be* was the mysterious answer in the prayer-book, but the correct reply she knew and gave—"Sukey Bond."

"Who gave you the idea of coming here?"

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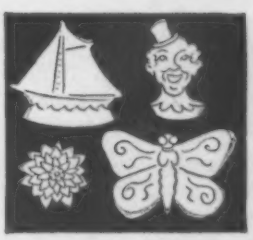

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GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

very near to unloosing godfathers and godmothers. Penning these back, Sukey said, "Nobody, ma'am." . .

"My good girl, don't you know a disorderly house when you see one?" As a matter of fact, it was exactly because she knew a disorderly house when she saw one that Sukey had hoped to find work here, but she could not tell the large lady flat out that it was the condition of her doorsteps which had given her a motive for coming.

Then there is the visit to Queen Victoria, dispenser of Bibles—with one of which Sukey hopes to win Mrs. Seaborn's consent to her marriage to Eric. In a few sentences, a fat red-faced little woman, with a "small, childish, half-open mouth" puffs across the room, sorrowful and tired, but unquestionably living.

TWO novels which have just appeared present negro heroines—taken from opposite ends of the spectrum. Emma Lou, of Wallace Thurman's "The Blacker the Berry" is coal-black; Angela, of Jessie Fauset's "Plum Bun," is so fair that she passes for white, as did her mother before her. Naturally the problems of the two girls are quite different.

Mr. Thurman is concerned with intra-race distinctions. His Emma Lou does not kick against the pricks of race prejudice but her suffering comes from the ostracism to which her blackness subjects her in a society where *café au lait* and high yaller are the smart shades. The author is very deft in his use of incidents. A few sentences take the place of pages of mulling about, and as a result the story of Emma Lou, in university and in Harlem, is sharp and swift-moving. Its clean-cut detachment, however, left us cold. Emma Lou is real, and her tragedy is real—but the combination seemed to us academic. All the warmth and lovableness of Mamba and Porgy are missing—and the minstrel drama of "Home to Harlem."

"Plum Bun" is a *sirop*. It has one fine bit, the relation between Junius Murray, a black coachman, and Mattie, his white-skinned wife. This

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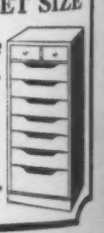

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HOTEL BREVOORT
Lower Fifth Ave.

is tender and touching. The rest of the novel is fairly good story-telling in which the leading lady happens to have black blood. Because her black blood doesn't show, Angela goes far—before she is found out; but then she finds the faithful Anthony waiting, so everything ends happily. "Plum Bun" is a novel of the borderland of color. We like our coffee black.

A VERY stodgy but efficient young man, Dan'l Harrow, is the protagonist of Walter D. Edmond's first novel, "Rome Haul." An excellent book. Dan'l Harrow looks for a job on the Erie Canal, and finds it. After a time he gets a barge of his own. Up and down the canal he goes, living and loving. His associates are fascinating people—hard-boiled, gay, subpious, and super-playful. Mr. Edmonds has soaked up their talk, and the result is an achievement of which this young man, who was born in Boonville, New York, in 1903, may well be proud. We do not recall any previous incursion of the Erie Canal into literature. We do remember an excellent short story, written when Mr. Edmonds was still at Harvard, which won a prize in the Harper Intercollegiate Contest.

"ELIZABETH'S" "Expiation" is barbed bombazine. Milly Bott committed adultery, quietly and unobtrusively, she thought, but apparently her husband was aware of it. When his will is read Milly and the Bott relatives learn that his tidy fortune is destined to adorn a Home for Fallen Women in Bloomsbury—"my wife will know why." Of course any one of us can imagine what would happen among our in-laws should such a bombshell fall. Family pride offers Milly, fat and comfort-loving, a series of penitential homes, and the male members of this forgiving group tender her sympathy and understanding with amusing and disastrous results.

"Elizabeth" is a caricaturist who manages to achieve amazing verisimilitude. Her exaggerations point characteristics which lift a subject out of nonentity and give it life. —R. L. L.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From the Cornell Daily Sun*]

As a lecturer he is said to have unusual authority and interest. He illustrates his talks with phonograph records and by singing the old music to his own flute accompaniment.

The Smartest Street on Earth
at the end of the longest gangplank

The mode that doesn't begin on the rue de la Paix, or near it . . . isn't a mode . . . it's a costly mistake. ⊹ The woman who doesn't adore the thought of buying clothes there, and glittering trifles on the rue de Rivoli . . . isn't a woman . . . she's a misnomer in petticoats. ⊹ All the sleek long-nosed cars in Europe, all the racing greyhounds that cut a blue-green swathe across the Atlantic are drawn by the irresistible pull of those little jewel-box shops! ⊹ But the smartest of the women and the wisest of the men are taking the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* or the *"Ile de France"*, those Weekly Express Liners that carry them to Paris by the quickest, easiest, gayest, pleasantest route. ⊹ The men know they won't find a bore in the smoking room, a bounder at dinner or a menu less than perfect. ⊹ Five days in Paris-afloat, a call at Plymouth for London, then dock at Le Havre where the boat-train waits . . . three hours to the rue de la Paix!

• French Line •

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City.

RUTH ST. DENIS
discusses off-stage make-up

"YOUR make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crême Rouge $1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, $1 each). 25¢ higher in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gun-metal case it is not Tangee.

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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. N. Y. 3, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE TRUE HEART, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking Press*). A love story, against the Victorian background, certainly excelling in simplicity, human interest, and beauty of style.

THE BLACKER THE BERRY, by Wallace Thurman (*Macaulay*). The problems of a coal-black woman in a social system which puts a premium on lighter skins.

PLUM BUN, by Jessie Redmon Fauset (*Stokes*). A negro girl who can pass for white tries living ambi-racially.

ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds (*Little, Brown*). The author does for the Erie Canal what Mark Twain did for the Mississippi. Worth reading—if only for its canal types.

EXPIATION, by "Elizabeth" (*Doubleday, Doran*). One of the nicest adulteresses in fiction pays and pays. Humor and satire, and a touch of melancholy.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Dutton*). The general practitioner in a Sussex village is torn between his devotion to his profession and his love for his wife.

SEVEN BROTHERS, by Alexis Kivi (*Coward-McCann*). Seven lusty Finnish brothers grow from a wild and adventurous youth to a respectable but nevertheless colorful maturity.

SIMPLE PEOPLE, by Archibald Marshall (*Brentano*). Short, humorous stories about a number of comic people.

A GREAT MAN, by Walter Vogdes (*Longmans, Green*). The spectacular career of a shrewd young man from New Jersey who joins the gold rush to California and finds his gold in a new city.

A DEAD MAN DIES, by Percy Marks (*Century*). An interesting variation on the theme of maternal and conjugal love.

FARTHING HALL, by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley (*Doubleday, Doran*). A light-hearted and diverting exchange of letters recounting the pursuit of a fair unknown and a runaway wife, by a lover and a husband, respectively.

DARKENED ROOMS, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). Engrossing account of a Cockney spiritualist and the methods of his trade.

Less recent:

MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD, by Myron

DINE and DANCE where PLEASURE REIGNS

Do you dare risk dining and dancing where you will not only recognize prominent people, but be recognized yourself?—Then come to Sam's.

Greenwich Village's most distinctive and newest place. An orange-and-green dining room done in the modern manner provides a charming atmosphere in which to eat and meet your friends. An alluring band and a large dance floor will intrigue you.

A Night At Sam's Is The Talk Of The Week

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GREENWICH VILLAGE

A CONVENIENT, quiet, and wholly delightful place for matinee luncheons and theatre dinners is coming to be definitely favored in the minds of New Yorkers in the phrase ***"Meet me at the Fountain"***—which means the diminutive, palm-set fountain in the foyer of the ***New Knickerbocker, West 45th Street, just East of Broadway.*** Very moderate prices. A la carte or table d'hote.

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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

STONE BLUNTS SCISSORS, by Gerard Fairlie (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE BLACK ACE, by George Dilnot (*Houghton, Mifflin*). . . . THE LINDEN WALK TRAGEDY, by Foxhall Daingerfield (*Appleton*). . . . THE BLESTON MYSTERY, by Robert Millward Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE ON TOLLARD RIDGE, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE RECLUSE OF FIFTH AVENUE, by Wyndham Martin (*McBride*). . . . CHIPSTEAD OF THE LONE HAND, by Sydney Horler (*Holt*).

GENERAL

EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS, by Helene Mullins (*Harper*). Lovely and rereadable collection of poems, notable for content and construction.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). A poet's recollections of English country life, in and out of doors, in beautiful and telling prose.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley (*Simon & Schuster*). What the cross-words call an ana of curious facts, collected from all over the world.

IN THE REIGN OF ROTHSTEIN, by Donald Henderson Clarke (*Vanguard Press*). The inside story of the upper underworld of New York.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by Bernard Faÿ (*Harcourt, Brace*). The panorama of American civilization as seen through European eyes. Provocative and illuminating.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH, by Francis Wilson (*Houghton, Mifflin*). An absorbing account of Booth's youth and early career, and the dreadful climax of his life. Also a recapitulation of the legends about his escape.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Doran*). Souvenir of Hoboken and the old Rialto Theatre—with a useful map for pilgrims on the jacket.

Less recent:

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes. ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS, by Irma Duncan and Allen MacDougall. TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, by Constance Rourke. DINNERS LONG AND SHORT, by A. H. Adair. THE KRASSIN, by Maurice Parijanine. THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA, by Davide Giudice. ANDREW JACKSON, THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by David Karsner.

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Mount Katahdin, one of New England's loftiest peaks, appears to be shrinking slowly, unless some mistake was made. Twenty-two years ago measurement of the mountain showed it to be 5,275 feet high. On measuring it again recently, state authorities found its altitude to be only 5,268 feet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

New England's going to pieces pretty much, anyway.

SEARCH the world over for 200-300 h.p., fast cruiser engines, as many American and European yachtsmen and our own U. S. Government have done, and you will likewise find no equal to the Sterling Coast Guard Engine.
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Blue Moon owned by Mr. B. R. Meyer, a fast 57-foot cruiser, able, handsomely constructed and appointed by Fellows & Stewart of Wilmington, California, is a Luders design. Twin Sterling Coast Guards attain 30 miles per hour.

Sultan *(Showing visitor around): Our big worry here is the mosquito problem. If anyone solves it, every harem girl in the place will fall on his neck.*

Visitor: *Out of my way, big boy! My* Flit gun *is in the hotel just around the corner!*

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